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The Farmer's Rank.

The farmer with the nabob ranks,
And with the gilded millionaires;
For he controls substantial banks,
And holds in them the safest shares.
His banks are banks of loam and clay,
His shares are plow-shares in the mold;
The more they break, the more they pay,
In dividends of green and gold.

His face is bronzed with summer skies,
His honest hands are hard and brown;
And there is something in his eyes,
That came with light from heaven down.
He is not of the earth a cloud,
But nature's child, erect and free,
Where wood-birds sing, and blossoms nod,
And rivers shout in ecstacy.

The Scarecrow.

The farmer looked at his cherry tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough,
"I wish I could cheat the robbins," said he;
"If somebody only would show me how.

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
With threatening arms and with bristling head,
And up in the tree I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fastened a scarecrow tattered and torn—
Oh, 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea foam,
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight;
But the scarecrow stood there so much at home
That the birds flew screaming away in fright.

But the robbins, watching him day after day,
With heads on one side and eyes so bright,
Surveying the monster, began to say,
"Why should this fellow our prospects blight.

He never moves round for the roughest weather,
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew; and the sauciest pair
'Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,
That, half concealed on his ragged breast,
Made a charming covert of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby red
A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole day long on the ripe fruit fed;
'Twas so convenient! They saw no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly,
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the guy
For a robbin's flourishing family!

—*Celia Thaxter, in Wide Awake.*

THE BEST REVENGE.

We were all so happy and cheerful in our little cottage when Aunt Buchan's letter came and told us that Fred Brastome had "jilted" my sister Agnes. We were thunderstruck! Agnes herself refused to credit the report. They had only been engaged a few months, and the arrangement was a secret. My aunt was ignorant of the actual engagement, but when she wrote and told us that Brastome was engaged to Sir Somebody Something's daughter, and had just inherited his uncle's property, quite unexpectedly, it was a terrible blow to us at home. Yet there were his letters full of affection.

Agnes bore up wonderfully, but at length even she succumbed. We had heard nothing from Fred very lately, and my inquiries only elicited the statement that he had gone abroad suddenly. Even our neighbors, the Pendrewitts, at whose house Agnes had first met him, were away yachting, and we could not get at the truth. I wrote to his bankers and got his address, and then wrote to him (a stiffish letter) for explanation, and then waited.

Agnes got worse. We could not rest I vowed vengeance against the man, and unable to stand the suspense and loneliness when darling Agnes' life was almost trembling in the balance, I rushed out to do something, ready to encounter any danger in search of forgetfulness of our injury. Only a few weeks since he had gone, and this was the result! I could scarcely credit it.

I went out. It was a lovely night. I stood upon the steps and looked across the moonlit bay, at the southern side of which the lighthouse rose disdainfully. A flash came full upon my face, and with it came the thought—I will go out to the lighthouse.

I descended rapidly at first, and then more slowly, and began to think; but still I went down and met Bob Murray, my boatman, as I entered a shop to make a purchase.

"Good-night, Bob. Going home?"

"Aye, aye, Master Harry. Home it is, and time."

"Well, Bob, I'm going out."

"Out to-night! And where, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"To the lighthouse, Bob, and you must take me there, and call, to-morrow's flood, to take me back."

"But, sir, my lady? Will she?—"

Bob always called my mother "my lady," not that she, except as every woman is, was entitled to the courtesy; but she deserved it, and the compliment passed unnoticed now, as ever.

I silenced him, and he agreed. "I'm your man, Master Harry, but I think you'd better bide a day or two; there's a look about the sea that I dislike."

"Wind, Bob? I should like a breeze out there to-morrow."

"Aye, aye! Wind is nothing to the lighthouse. It's a sea. Suppose an accident should happen—suppose a ship—"

"Suppose you give up croaking, Bob Murray, and bear a hand with the boat." I wrapped up my purchase and went out.

He responded with alacrity, and said no more. Somehow his tacit obedience impressed me more forcibly than his well-meant warning.

"All ready now, your honor," said he at last.

"Thank you, Bob. Will you take the tiller, please?" I knew the coast almost as well as he, and yet I would not touch the tiller. It was a tribute to his superior skill and to my mother's fears.

We ran out quickly, and in about an hour were close to the lighthouse. A simultaneous roar of "Ahoy, there!" brought my old friend Dobson to the gallery.

"Boat ahoy!" he cried. What cheer?"

"Dobson, ahoy! 'Tis I—Mister 'Enery" (he always insisted upon calling me "'Enery").

"Never! Well, and what brings ye here at this time o' night, sir?"

There was a pause, and at last he said, as we tossed upon the rising sea.

"I'll come down, sir—I'll dis-cend, sir, if you please."

He disappeared, and must have descended very rapidly, for in a moment or two he appeared at a small door opening just above the rock on which the lighthouse was erected; there he parleyed:

"Ye see, sir, that is quite out of regular orders; I daren't let you in, not now—keep her off, Bob Murray, yew; ye'll have her stove in 'three threes'—so ye see, sir."

"Dobson," I replied, firmly, "it's no use. Regulations or no regulations, I want to spend the night in the lighthouse. Here I am. You can, of course, keep me here if you like, but I am not going back now."

Dobson paused irresolutely, and Murray said:

"It's all right, Jack; I'll come for him to-morrow and take him off."

"Ah!" responded Dobson. "To-morrow? Where be thine eyes, Bob Murray, lad?"

Murray made no verbal reply. He impelled the boat toward the slippery rock. The tide was out; a well judged spring as the boat rose to the wave, and I landed safely on the granite. When I turned round again Murray was already six feet from my perch.

"Good-night, Bob. Come back tomorrow. Tell them I'm coming soon if they ask for me. I'm all right."

"Aye, aye, sir. Good-night." Murray ran for home with the sheet hauled well aft, and lying as close to the wind as the flattened sail would draw.

I turned and found Dobson at my lebow. He had heard my parting words, and commented upon them as follows, in a tone that chilled me through:

"If he gets ashore much inside of a week I'm a Dutchman, and saving your presence, Master 'Enery, you's another. prome in now—the flood's making—if Cou please."

We entered the lighthouse together, and as we ascended the winding stairway, Dobson said:

"Did you bring aught with ye, sir?"

"Any spirits? I declare, Dobson, I quite forgot. But I'll make it all right."

Dobson's reply had a disdainful ring in it as he replied: "I ain't thinking of spirits. Have you brought any clothing or anything?"

"Just enough for a night," I replied—"a toothbrush. Why?" I produced my late purchase as I spoke.

"Because look ye here," he said, suddenly changing his tone. He led me to the windward side of the gallery, which we just then reached. "D'ye see yonder line upon the sea?"

"Yes—what of it? It's a breeze coming up—all the better."

"All the worser! Last time I see that with this moon and after these warnings was when the Ca'lilly Castle went down on yonder reef and on'y fifty was saved out o' nigh three hundred on board."

I confess I felt a dull sensation of dread. That some calamity was pending I felt sure. I shivered, not with cold, though, and looked steadily at Dobson. Then affecting a cheerful manner, I replied:

"But there's no prospect of a storm yet, and there's plenty of time for any ship to get an offing if the skipper can read the sky as well as you. At any rate I'm quite safe here."

"Aye, aye, for that matter, safe enough. But you see, Mister 'Enery—well it's all right—come inside."

We went in again and descended the spiral stairway in the solid basement to the storeroom and thence to the kitchen. Everything appeared clean and tidy. A stovepipe passed through the ceiling, doing duty for a chimney, as a small stove did for the kitchen range, and I knew that we would not starve. But Dobson's remark respecting the approaching tempest had affected me in spite of my determination to see the adventure through. I was anxious to have something to wean me from the somber retrospection I had been lately indulging, and so I shook off the feeling of strangeness and tried to feel as if everything was just as I had in my imagination pictured it—which everything was not.

We ascended through the bedroom. There were three beds between the windows, a cuckoo clock, an almanac, the stovepipe tending upward, some clothing and two telescopes and some other nautical necessaries were visible at a glance. The bedroom was plainly and rather scantily furnished. Some books were on the single table, and in a cupboard were some blue lights. A pair of pistols, three cutlasses and bayonets were also noticed by me, and I wondered why the firearms were kept there.

As I gazed around the room the cuckoo burst open a little wooden door with tremendous energy and "cuckoo'd" ten times, retreating again, only just in time to escape a blow from the door.

A sailor was descending from the upper floor. He was rather astonished to see me, I think, but in a moment he touched his cap, and professed himself glad to see "a friend of his mate's, who was a friend of his and welcome"—so he said.

"Mister 'Enery's going to take a berth here to-night, Judkins," said Dobson. You and me will arrange about a shakedown. It's my watch at midnight, so he can turn in as soon as he likes."

"I should prefer being up with you, Dobson,' I said. "I want to see the sea and how things look in the dead of night. It must be very weird and very grand here in a storm."

"Aye, aye, sir. You'll have storm enough. Better sleep while you can, and let the sea take care of itself."

"But I came here to sit up, and unless you object—"

"Me, Mister 'Enery! Not a bit of it. Come aloft if ye like; I'll keep you company."

We went up to the gallery again, and I stood leaning over, gazing steadily, half dreamily, at the rising water. The sea was evidently rising, and yet the long, heavy, booming swell rolled in without breaking till close upon the rocks. Then the roar arose, the spray dashed up in vain attempts to reach the gleaming beacon, and fell back exhausted on the whitened sea.

As I continued to look across the moonlit waves a strong sensation of unreality of it all came upon me. I could fancy it was all unreal. I knew and felt that I was in the lighthouse, and all was right, that I was in good health and spirits, and yet all the surroundings appeared as if I were in a dream. I could see a shape in the water beneath, a dark form, and lo! suddenly it was clad in white, a female shape, ascending to the gallery. I knew the face in the lantern light. It was Agnes. Strange illusion!

I called out; the form vanished; the spray splashed heavily down to the water, and Dobson approached me quickly and anxiously.

"Did you call, Mister 'Enry?"

"Yes, I did," I replied. "The spray very nearly came up into the gallery. It frightened me."

"That's nothing," replied Dobson. "You'll have it over the lantern afore to-morrow. Hold up your hand—d'ye feel the salt on it?"

I put my palm to the wind, and then touched my tongue with it. It was quite salt to the taste.

"You'll excuse me, sir, but you's looking pale and worn out. Turn in, and come up at daybreak. That's the time to see the sea, and sunrise, too."

I knew the well-intentioned sailor was quite right. I was overwrought: my nerves were highly strung—I wanted rest.

"Will you call me early, or if anything turns up?"

"I will, sir; you shall know. One of my mates is goin' ashore at dawn; I'll hail you then for certain shure."

So we bade each other good-night, and I descended to the sleeping-room in semi-darkness. In ten minutes I must have been sound asleep; the noise of the waves dashing outside, and the rushing of the wind, far from keeping me awake, were soothing to my troubled spirits. I slept, nor did the restless cuckoo in the clock, that whirred and chirped the hours through the stormy night, wake me from my dreaming.

I was half aroused by a touch on the shoulder and opened my eyes, but the semi-darkness was still before them. Then a voice I knew said, "Tom's just off, but the morning's wet and stormy, sir. Be advised and stay below; you—"

I had lain down again and was asleep once more before he had completed the sentence.

I must have slept some time when a dull sound aroused me. I looked about and it was not till the clock door burst open and the bird came out that I recollected where I was.

"Cuckoo!" I counted six strokes. Then the dull and distant sound came down upon the wind and I began to wonder what it was.

A third time, louder, and now "flatter," so to speak, as if the wind had caught the noise and borne it against the stone pillar wherein I lay. I could hear Dobson and his companion hurrying to and fro and in a few moments, as the former passed the door, I called aloud and he came in hastily.

"What's the matter, Dobson?"

"Vessel drifting in, disabled. She'll strike I fear. They're signaling for help—don't ye hear the guns?"

He was gone. Guns! A vessel in distress! Here was an adventure, indeed. I leaped out of bed and hurried through my toilet, from time to time looking out upon the angry, tumbling sea, driven in before a southwest gale, in broken hills of water.

I ascended to the gallery, and the grandeur of the scene beneath took my attention for a moment from the reeling yacht that was drifting helplessly, it seemed, fairly down upon the cruel line of jagged rocks that were now and then visible to windward.

"Now, mate," said Dobson, "you and me must take this job in hand. We'll cross the rock before she strikes yonder, and save the poor fellows."

To their astonishment I volunteered to help.

"Excuse me, sir, but you ain't any good in this. You can bear a hand on the life-line, howsomdever; and if we should not both turn up to muster, why—"

Without another word they shook hands solemnly with me and with each other, and then descended to the rock. I followed to the door and made fast the lines they had secured about their waists. The sea was now sweeping over the rocks, and the hissing of the foam was like escaping steam, or the horrid whizzing of an avalanche, which few can hear and live after they have heard it.

The men disappeared round the rock and left me standing at the door irresolute, a life-line in my hand, a buoy attached to it hanging ready for use.

A loud cry attracted my attention—a crackling, grinding noise—the vessel had struck, and as I looked over the rushing, swirling waves I could see, though indistinctly, three white faces and three pairs of arms struggling in the water. I was fascinated—I could only stare. Help was yet out of the question, but even as I gazed one swimmer, with great presence of mind, turned with the waves toward the lee of the lighthouse to a spot where in a momentary eddy he might be saved

I saw this now, and "pulling myself together," stepped cautiously just without the reach of the hissing waves which swooped in masses down upon the rocks and slid in smooth layers of water, like thick glass, into the boiling surf beneath. When I had reached a coign of vantage the poor swimmer was still bravely battling with the undertow, and in a few moments I hoped to be able to heave the life buoy to his assistance.

It seems so unreal to look back upon, and were I not sure of all this sad mornings's work I could almost believe it fancy. But there was no time to think what to do. In another moment I had grasped the line and was about to swing the buoy to the struggling, drowning man, when I recognized his features, notwithstanding the wild spray and the disheveled hair that was matted by the salt water around his forehead.

The swimmer was Frederick Brastome—the man who had all but killed my darling sister—the traitor!

My arm fell listlessly by my side. Agnes was dying, poor darling, almost within sight of the heaving sea which bore her faithless lover on its angry bosom; and should I save his life when he has wrecked hers? No! My revenge was complete. I had him in my power The demon tempted me to let him bide and die, and yet a strange sad compassion for the heartless destroyer of my sister's life in his dire extremity filled my heart.

He recognized me and called gaspingly for help; help for Agnes' sake! For her sake! Did he dare to trade his safety on her blighted life? And yet at the sound of her name the thought that she had forgiven him his trespasses against her now prevailed. I called out and hove the life-buoy close to him. He was almost spent, but clutched it with the grasp of drowning men. Assisted by the waves, I hauled him almost senseless to the rock alive! (The yacht drove on the reef just then, and the crew were rescued after.)

Thank heaven, I had saved him! Now that he was free from danger I felt more at ease. The black cloud of revenge had passed away, and Agnes' pure influence had worked a wondrous change in me. He lay insensible, but in a short time Dobson and his mate, having hauled the others out of danger, came to my assistance, and they carried Brastome in and laid him on the bed.

I could not see him, though I saved his life, but afterward I heard the facts from the other young men, who overwhelmed us with thanks, and their account was this (we were sitting in the gallery when they told the tale, and how they met their companion—him—my enemy, as I judged).

They had borrowed Mr. Pendrewitt's yacht, and had sailed to Cherbourg. At that port they had encountered Brastome, who was very anxious to return at once to England, but had missed the steamer. Knowing who he was, for they had met at Mr. Pendrewitt's house, they volunteered to bring him to our little port, as he said he had received a most urgent letter from a friend. My friend, his own sailing master, had managed to get good anchorage about ten miles away at six o'clock the previous evening, but the storm increasing the yacht dragged her anchor about three o'clock the next morning. Thus they had drifted, and although they had managed to keep off shore, the set of the tide carried them to leeward and the yacht bore down on the reef, struck and sunk in eight fathoms.

I listened to this narrative with very mingled feelings. The letter he referred to must be the one I had sent. Why did he not telegraph his reply? I was debating on the course I should adopt when Dobson came up and said that the other gentleman wished to see me. I followed the sailor, and in another moment was in Brastome's room.

He held out his hand. I hesitated to accept it.

"Why, Harry," he said, "how have I offended you? Your letter puzzled me considerably."

"Can you ask how? You have jilted my sister and blighted her life, and, I fear, caused her death by your dastardly conduct. I saved your life, but I almost regret it. I have a long reckoning to settle with you"

"But listen to me. You are quite in error. I never injured your sister; I am as true to her as even you could desire. I am, indeed."

"Are you not engaged to be married to Sir William A——'s daughter?"

"Certainly not. My cousin, who has come into the title, is going to marry her. I hope to marry Agnes, your sister; and I can't really understand—"

I did not permit him to finish. I wrung his hand nearly off, begged his pardon, and almost cried in doing it. Then I rushed out and wanted Dobson to signal for a boat, which he very properly declined to do; so I sat with Fred and talked about Agnes till I began to think I had carried my affections quite far enough.

All was explained, and I was happy again, and then the next day! Oh, what a happy day it was! The sea fortunately abated. Murray came out with the welcome news that darling Agnes was better, and that evening we all went ashore in the highest spirits The glad intelligence of her faithful swain's return was gently conveyed to her, and she at once got so bright and happy that we declared she had been "shamming" all the time, and when, three days afterward, she and Frederic were allowed to see each other—well, the meeting is beyond the power of my pen to describe.

Nothing now presented any obstacle to their engagement being announced. About three months afterward, on a cold January morning, my dear sister was united to the husband of her choice, "for richer, for poorer, till death do them part;" and judging by external evidence, I am thankful to say that there is no prospect of a separation for many years.

I am very glad now that I heaved the buoy at Frederic's head from the old Channel rock that stormy morning just fifteen years ago. And that was my revenge.

In the Mountain Wilderness of Virginia.

The journey occupied a day and a half. They rode Indian file along a trail which only Jerry's eyes could follow; it crossed heaps of rocks, swamps, fallen trees; it led through an unbroken forest of gigantic pines, oaks, birch, ash. and sugar-maples; even the nut trees and black cherry had had time here to reach the height of a hundred and fifty feet. Evergreens and deciduous trees grew alike leafless and branchless side by side, spreading palm-like at the top. The journey was, in fact, a passage through interminable aisles of huge black pillars under a flat, leafy roof. The sides of the creeks were banked with flaming color; laurel and rhododendrons heaped up walls of dark green, scarlet, and creamy white; in the sunshine late azaleas lifted wands of shell-like rose. Sometimes the horses literally broke the path for miles through waving forests of fern, whose delicate leaves, Sarah fancied, touched her hand as she passed with a shy caress. The girl's heart was full. Her life had before now been filled up with sewing and sweeping, and the petty matters of a little village. It was the first time that she had looked upon the great solitary face of nature. It seemed to her that the sky and water and trees knew that it was the first time, and were glad that she had come, and whispered to her, as did her old home to Mignon: "Poor child! where hast thou staid so long?"

There was no sign that man had ever passed this way before. Huge trees, fallen a century before, lay in gigantic round furrows on the ground; furrows of deep moss, of fretted and fluted lichen, gray and golden, bronze and purple, and of trailing myraids of pink oxalis. Plumy fern nodded from the sides, and a thicket of young hemlocks pushed ambitiously up from the top of the ridge; but when Jerry put his foot on it, the whole furrow crumpled like a puff-ball into a cloud of red dust. It was a dead body, which, undisturbed in a slow passage of uncounted years, had made all this false show of life. Very few song-birds had made their way into this solitude. There was none of the multitudinous hum of life of woods near towns. The absolute stillness was strange and oppressive at noonday. Nature dwelt alone here, and kept silence, and there was something savage in her mood, now that they had come upon her unawares. Even jaunty, self sufficient Mrs. Mulock felt like an intruder, and rode apart an uietly. The judge led Sarah's horse, which could not keep its footing. Sometimes he pointed with bright, pleased eyes to a stately tree or a bed of feathery moss, but he said nothing, and never called on her to admire them. Mr. Morley rode up once, and said, in a grave and patronizing manner, that he must acknowledge there was a quality of freshness and new-born strength in this unexplored wilderness which any scene must lose after it had been tramped over by innumerable tourists. Miss Davidger as ented civilly, but pushed on. Human voices were an impertinence in the great and wordless meanings of the woods.

Monstrous fungous growths reared themselves on every side as they began to descend to the Blackwater. The thickets grew more dense; red and black spiders swung themselves incessantly across their faces from tree to tree; they found traces of bears on newly barked trees, and more than once the three-lobed, clawless track of a panther in the wet black mold. The thickets of laurel and scrub oak on the banks of the rivers give to these beasts and to wolves an impervious shelter; they have the best chance there, too, of catching the deer as they come down to water. Browning pointed out a dark green shrub, which he said was "elk browse," and "had been made by the Good Man to grow just that high to reach the muzzles of the young elks." No elks had been seen in this region for fifty years, though some might yet be hiding back in Canaan.

The party camped the second night on the bank of the Blackwater, a stream which empties into the Cheat, making huts of birch bark, and beds of hemlock boughs, set on end to give an elastic spring. The doctor and Morely set out with their best white flies, reels and lines to catch trout for supper in the coffee-colored, gloomy creek. Browning took a few worms from a rotten tree trunk in his pocket, and his old rod; the judge built up the fire, and Mrs. Mulock and Sarah cooked some flitch, and scoured the tin plates in the stream. Things went the usual way in such cases. The scientific fishermen came home dripping wet, and swearing that there was not the fin of a trout in the river, to find Jerry placidly frying forty in a pan. They ate their supper by the light of the roaring fire, a great horned owl hooting in the thicket. Every man had a hunting story to tell.

—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Harper.*

Doing Right.

A man who loudly calls attention to the fact that he has resolved to "turn over a new leaf" in his life is not always to be trusted. He who perpetually makes good resolutions is pretty sure to break them. People should reform, if necessary to do so, at once, and without parading their intentions before the eyes of the world. They should go to work silently, and with a firm determination to carry out, no mattter how trying or hard it may be at first, those virtuous designs which they deem necessary for their welfare. They should not look for applause from the world; their highest reward will in due time come for the good they have done for themselves or other ; meanwhile they will enjoy that which assuredly is a sweet and precious possession—the consciousness that they are worthily fulfilling the object for which they were brought into this world. A more odious form of conceit than this bragging about self-reform does not exist, and no effort should be spared in order to stamp it out. Let those then who wish to improve, labor to that end in silence and in sincerity; success is sure to crown their efforts. But they should not flaunt their excellence in the eyes of the world.

Sand-Showers in China.

Every year witnesses curious sand-showers in China when there is neither cloud nor fog in the sky, but the sun is scarcely visible, looking very much as when seen through smoked glass. The air is filled with a fine dust, entering eyes, nostrils and mouth, and often causing serious diseases of the eye. This dust, or sand, as the people call it, penetrate houses, reaching even apartments which seem securely closed. It is supposed to come from the great desert of Gobi, as the sand of the Sahara is taken up by whirlwinds and carried hundreds of miles away. The Chinese, while sensible to the personal discomfort arising from these showers, are resigned to them from a conviction that they are a great help to agriculture. They say that a year of numerous sand-showers is always a year of great fertility. The sand probably imparts some enriching elements to the soil, and it also tends to loosen the compact alluvial matter of the Chinese valleys. It is possible that these showers may be composed of microscopic insects, like similar showers which have been noticed in the Atlantic ocean.

At Ortonville, Minn., a hailstone fell that just filled a pint bowl by itself. A girl thirteen years old died of fright in a thunder-storm there.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

Sketch of the Life of General Sutter, the Man on Whose Farm in California Gold was First Discovered.

The following interesting account is given of General John Augustus Sutter, who died in Washington a short time ago: General Sutter, whose original name was Suter, was born at Kandern, Baden, February 15, 1803. In his childhood he evinced an aptitude for the military profession, and his ambition was gratified by his parents, who were undoubtedly well off. He was given a liberal education, and sent to the military school at Berne, Switzerland, where he was graduated in 1829. He went to France and joined the army of Charles X., being commissioned by that king as general. After the revolution of July, 1830, however, he became weary of his military life, and, casting his eyes about for some country in which to seek adventure and fame, he chose the new world as offering the best field for his restless spirit, and emigrated to this country. He had but little ready money, but America was but sparsely settled then, and brains and courage were more in demand here at that time than fortunes. The young emigrant settled first in the western part of Missouri, but as the population of that State increased, he moved further West, always flying before the advance of the pioneers, and determined, as he said once, in telling his story, to be the pioneer of pioneers. He finally, in 1837, reached what is now New Mexico, and established himself at Santa Fe, where he began trading with the Indians. His gentle manners and strict honesty in dealing with them soon won the hearts of the savages, and General Sutter prospered in his business with them. He learned their language, took an interest in their welfare, and taught them many useful things. The result was that they confided in the man who trusted in them, and told him of the wonderful beauty of the country across the Rocky mountains, the fertility of its soil, and the mildness and salubrity of its climate. Fired by these reports of his dusky friends, General Sutter finally determined to cross the Rocky mountains, and in 1838 he passed over into California, which was then under the control of the Mexican government.

General Sutter first went to Fort Vancouver, and from there, spurred on by the restless spirit of adventure which characterized him, he sailed to the Sandwich islands. He saw little chance to win either fame or fortune among the idle and unambitious Kanakas, and he soon left the islands, sailing for Alaska. From here he engaged in a trading trip down the Pacific coast, and this voyage ended July 2, 1839, by his being shipwrecked in the bay of Yerba Buena, now known as the bay of San Francisco. He had saved a little money from the wreck, but not enough to enable him to fit out for another trading voyage, and he wisely resolved to begin over by engaging in agriculture, and working again with his old friends, the Indians. With great difficulty, because of his ignorance of the country and the natives, he penetrated to the interior up the Sacramento river, and arriving at the point where the city of Sacramento now stands, he saw the advantages of the location, and pitched his camp at once. He chose a site in the Sacramento valley, about three miles back from the river, one of the most fertile spots in all California, and naming it New Helvetia, settled there with the intention of staying. He put in practice his old tactics in his treatment of the Indians; instead of slaughtering them he made friends of them. He taught them the rude arts of agriculture which were within their comprehension, and also intrusted them with firearms and instructed them in their use. In a remarkably short space of time, New Helvetia was a thriving settlement, and General Sutter, by raising large crops, for which there was always a ready market in Yerba Buena was rapidly becoming a wealthy man.

It was the only white settlement in that section of the country, and the influence of General Sutter was felt far and wide. New Helvetia was the stopping place of all white men who crossed the country, and its commander was very popular with the Russians of the North and the Mexicans who surrounded him. In 1841 his influence with the Indians had become so great that the Mexican government found it advisable to secure this Swiss farmer as a kind of ally. They made him a formal grant of eleven leagues of land near the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers, on condition that he would keep the Indians in check, and punish them if they interfered with the settlement. By this time he had gathered several white men around him, all of whom worked either for him or on shares on his land. When he received the grant of land he transformed his farmhouse into a fort, which soon became known all over the country as "Sutter's Fort," and was the halting place of all expeditions crossing the country. It was here that General Freemont was entertained with the lavish hospitality of the frontier at the time of his expedition across the Rocky mountains. The fort was surrounded with a wall of brick twelve feet high, and mounted with twenty-four cannon purchased from the Russians. It was General Sutter's province to protect the entire northern frontier of Mexico, not only from the Indians, but from the marauding bands of trappers and hunters who visited the valley for purposes of plunder, and he did his work so well that the Mexican government felt perfectly secure in that part of the State under his charge. In 1845, in recognition of his eminent services, a further grant of twenty-two leagues of land was made to him.

General Sutter was now at the height of his power and glory. He was probably the wealthiest man on the Pacific coast, his landed estate embracing, in round numbers, 150,000 acres. He was military commander and Indian agent of a vast territory, and almost literally monarch of all he surveyed. Houses, shops, mills and other evidences of civilization had sprung up around him, and he was the center of a prosperous community. The Hudson Bay company endeavored to undermine his credit with the Mexican government, in revenge for his having encroached on their trapping business, but the effort failed, and after a long investigation that government pronounced General Sutter vindicated completely, and trusted him more implicitly than ever. From 1845 to 1848 he was a veritable king, and feeling himself at last permanently established for life, this roving adventurer sent to Switzerland for his wife and family, who soon joined him, and prepared to settle down in the home which he had made. All these plans were frustrated by the discovery of gold on his land.

In the fall of 1847 General Sutter was building a large mill at what is now Coloma, on the American river. He had laborers at work cutting logs, and early in the winter of 1848 he set about constructing an extensive mill-race. Among his laborers was a man named Marshall, who was engaged in superintending the work. In February some children picked from the dirt thrown from the race some shining particles, and carried them to Marshall to look at. He recognized them as gold, and rushed to the fort in a state of intense excitement to communicate the discovery to General Sutter He warned the general to keep the secret, but with his characteristic frankness and generosity he made it known to several of his friends, and through them it was published to the world. In that same month of February, 1848, the Mexican war closed, and California was ceded to the United States. A tremendous rush for the new gold-diggings followed. The soldiers of the two years' war and adventurers from every State in the Union poured into the new El Dorado. General Sutter was unacquainted with our laws, or he might have protected himself by taking up mining claims, and realized from them more than the original value of his property. Instead of doing this he sat still while the army of gold-seekers squatted upon his land. They staked off their claims, taking his houses, mills, everything that he possessed, and he had absolutely no redress. They took his cattle for food, destroyed his crops digging for gold, and in three short years this Crœsus of the Pacific coast was almost as poor as he was on the day when he first set his foot on the soil of Missouri.

During the Mexican war, the Mexican government, realizing the advantageous position of Sutter's fort, had sent an ambassador to the general, offering him $100,000 in cash, besides valuable lands further south, for the establishment of New Helvetia, including the fort. This offer was declined, because General Sutter had many Americans in his employ and in the settlement, whom he refused to turn over to the tender mercies of the Mexicans. His sympathies and active cooperation were on the side of the United States in the struggle, and his fort became the nucleus for American military operations in that section, so that General Sherman had good cause to say of him, as he did a short time since, that "to him more than to any single person are we indebted for the conquest of California and all her treasures." By the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, which ceded California to the United States it was expressly stipulated that the owners of property therein should retain the same without being subjected to any contribution, tax or charge whatever. One board of land commissioners, appointed for the investigation of land titles in California, confirmed Sutter's claim to the two tracts granted him by Mexico. The squatters appealed to the United States district court, which affirmed the decision of the board. The squatters again appealed to the supreme court, and that tribunal affirmed the grant of eleven leagues, but reversed the two previous decisions as to the larger grant of twenty-two leagues. General Sutter, meantime, had sold much of the large tract, giving warranty deeds, and to make these good used up the smaller grant, and he found himself utterly poverty-stricken. The State of California granted him an annuity of $3,000, and upon this he lived until it was withdrawn a few years ago. Since then his friends have been trying to secure a grant of $50,000 from Congress to indemnify him for his losses, and it was this business that called him to Washington.

General Sutter left California in 1854, a thoroughly heart-broken man, and retired with his family to Litiz, Penn., where he has resided with his aged wife and two grandchildren ever since. He has been president for many years of the "Old Californians," who celebrated the discovery of gold in California by an annual dinner in New York city.

How He was Subdued.

It may be that some of the married folks who read the *Companion* will find a lesson for a husband, and amusement for the wife, in the following humorous sketch:

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, feeling up the chimney, "have you seen my gold collar button?"

"I saw it the day you bought it," answered Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerily, "and I thought it very pretty. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I've lost the measly thing," responded Mr. Spoopendyke, running the broom handle up into the cornice and shaking it as if it were a carpet.

"You don't suppose it is up there, do you?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke "Where did you leave it?"

"Left it in my shirt. Where do you suppose I'd leave it—in the hash?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tossed over the things in his wife's writing-desk and looked out of the window after it.

"Where did you leave your shirt? asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where did I leave my shirt? Where do you suppose I left it? Where does a man generally leave his shirt. Mrs Spoopendyke? Think I left it in the ferryboat? Got an idea I left it at prayer-meeting, haven't you? Well, I didn't. I left it off, Mrs. Spoopendyke that's where I left it. I left it off. Hear me?"

And Mr. Spoopendyke pulled the winter clothing out of the cedar chest that hadn't been unlocked for a month.

"Where is the shirt now?" persisted Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where do you suppose it is? Where do you imagine it is? I'll tell you where it is, Mrs. Spoopendyke; it's gone to Bridgeport as a witness in a land suit. Idea! Ask a man where his shirt is! You know I haven't been out of the room since I came home last night and took it off."

And Mr. Spoopendyke sailed downstairs and raked the fire out of the kitchen range, but did not find the button.

"Maybe you lost it on the way home," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, as her husband came up, hot and angry, and began to pull a stuffed canary to pieces, to see if the button had got inside.

"Oh, yes! Very likely! I stood up against a tree and lost it. Then I hid behind a fence so I wouldn't see it. That's the way it was. If I only had your head, Mrs. Spoopendyke, I'd turn loose as a razor strop. I don't know anything sharper than you are."

And Mr. Spoopendyke got up in a chair and clutched a handful of dust off the top of the wardrobe

"It must have fallen out," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, it must, eh! It must have fallen lout! Well, I declare, I never though of that. My impression was that it took a buggy and drove out, or a balloon and hoisted out," and Mr. Spoopendyke crawled behind the bureau and commenced tearing up the carpet.

"And if it fell out it must be somewhere near where he left his shirt. Now he always throws his shirt on the lounge, and the button is under that."

A moment's search established the infallibility of Mrs. Spoopendyke's logic.

"Oh, yes! Found it, didn't you?" panted Mr. Spoopendyke, as he bumped his head against the bureau and finally climbed to a perpendicular. "Perhaps you'll fix my shirts so that it won't fall out any more, and maybe you'll have sense enough to mend that lounge, now it has made so much trouble. If you only tended to the house as I do to my business, there'd never be any difficulty about losing a collar button."

"It wasn't my fault," began Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Wasn't, eh? Have you found that coal bill you've been looking for since March?"

"Yes."

"Have, eh! Now where did you put it? Where did you find it?"

"In your overcoat pocket!"

Miles and Milestones.

The mile is not an original English or Teutonic measure of length, but was borrowed from the Romans, with a considerable amount of latitude in its application. All our native land measures start with the perch. This has been fixed by statute at five and a half yards, but originally it differed in various parts of the country. The Lancashire perch was seven and a half yards, the Cheshire perch eight yards, the Irish perch seven yards. Forty of these on end constituted a "furrow-long," or furlong, and eight furlongs were a mile. Taking the standard perch at five and a half yards, this makes the English mile 1,760 yards. The Roman mile was 1,000 paces, of nearly five feet each, equaling 1,614 yards. The English mile of 1,760 yards was the nearest approximation which our unit of measurement could give to the Roman "mille passum." The mile was fixed at 1,760 yards by a statute of Elizabeth.—*Notes and Queries.*

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

Great revivals are going on among the Methodist churches in Sweden.

The Baptists have 118 churches in Jamaica, with 22,767 members.

Last year 3,200 new members were added to the Baptist churches in Sweden.

Robert Raikes' Sunday-school scholars number 12,000,000, at the end of the first hundred years.

The Book of Common Prayer has been translated into more than sixty languages, and a million copies of it are printed every year.

The Hindoos are imitating the missionaries in circulating religious tracts. Their tracts are devoted to accounts of the exploits of their gods.

The Southern Presbyterian church has a presbytery among the Indians, with twenty-four organized churches and over 1,000 communicants.

The Presbyterian church in England has 10 presbyteries, 249 ministers and 54,259 communicants. The receipts for all purposes the past year were $900,000.

The German population in Philadelphia is estimated at about 130,000. To meet the spiritual wants of these there are forty-four Evangelical German churches.

The late Methodist general conference passed a rule allowing the members of annual conferences in mission lands to be returned indefinitely to the same station.

The Pope has sent a letter to the societies composing the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, in which he grants the organization the same privileges and indulgences already granted to the like associations in England and Ireland.

It is said that the salvation army in England now consists of 5,280 men and women, directed by 267 captains, Mr. Booth and members of his family exercising absolute authority over all. There were collected and expended in its labors last year nearly $75,000, every penny of which was strictly accounted for.

The Rev. Dr. Hoge, of the Southern Presbyterian church, who is traveling in the Holy Land, narrowly escaped drowning in attempting to cross Litany river, between Tyre and Sidon, by fording. The stream proved to be deeper and the current much stronger than he suspected, and his horse barely escaped being swept down into the sea.

The Pedigree of the Dog.

While considering the problem of the origin of the dog, in a recent lecture at the Royal institute in London, Prof. Huxley expressed the opinion that its solution was easy if a beginning was made upon a solid basis of fact. Such a basis of fact was supplied by what was known of the origin of dogs in North America. The Indians of the northwestern parts of America were all in possession of half-tame cur-like dogs living in the same way as the dogs in Egypt—in a semi-independent condition. In the same country there exists a wild animal—the canis latra, or prairie wolf. It was somewhat difficult to understand how these wild and fierce animals could be tamed; and yet, when one knew their habits it was easy enough. The smaller wolves and jackals, although predacious and fierce, were endowed with singular curiosity; that curiosity directed them toward man and his doings. There was not one of these animals which, if caught young—whether jackal or small wolf—could not be tamed and made as attached and devoted to man as any ordinary dog. It was not difficult to understand, therefore, how these animals became acquainted with man, how they became trained, and how from them sprang a race of domestic animals which, curiously enough, were far more attached to their masters and the animals with which they were brought up than to members of their own family. If they could depend upon the fact that this one domestic dog originated in the taming of an indigeneous wild animal, then the general problem of the origin of domestic dogs would take this form—could they find in all parts of the world in which domestic dogs were known wild stock so similar to the existing race of dogs that there was nothing unnatural in supposing that they had the same origin as the Indian dogs? They might trace dog-like animals further and further west, until, in Northern Africa, they had a whole series of kinds of dog-like animals, usually known as jackals. He believed that these wild stocks were the source from which in each case the savages who originally began to tame dogs had derived their stock. This view was confirmed by archæological researches. They had preserved to them, on the mountains of ancient Egypt, a great variety of forms of dogs, and it was sufficient that the further back they went the fewer were the varieties, until, at the time of the third and fourth dynasties—that is about 6,000 years ago—there were only two well-marked forms of dogs. One of them was a comparatively small cur-like dog, similar to that which was to be seen in the streets of Cairo at the present day, and the other was like a greyhound. The cur was, no doubt, a tame species of the wild jackal, which was still to be found in the same country; and with respect to the greyhound, there was in Abyssinia a very long-headed dog, which was very much of the same form as the greyhound, and which, it could hardly be doubted, was the source from which it sprang. Assuming that there was no doubt that the origin of dogs could be traced to these sources, the more modified forms of the domestic animal were simply the result of the selected breeding, which had given rise to the same modification in dogs as it had done in the case of pigeons.—*Scientific American.*

Ear Troubles.

Nothing is more common than ear troubles, such as slight deafness or a buzzing in the ear. Blessed are those who are ignorant as to what deafness is. Perhaps it were better to be blind than deaf. Who has not seen a man at church, with eyes intent on the preacher, trying to supply one sense by means of the other. He sees the prayer formulated on the lips of the clergyman, but hears nothing. There is a great deal of sound advice given in a recent article in the proceedings of the Medical society, of the county of Kings, New York, on deafness and its cure. It seems that people who have a tendency to trouble in the ear, often arising from illness in childhood, usually proceed in two exactly opposite directions. In one case, they are forever tinkering with their own ears in the most ignorant kind of way. By using syringes, they inject in the most delicate of organs a volume of water under high pressure and at a wrong temperature, and the chances are many that they injure their ears beyond a chance of a cure. In the other case they do nothing at all, for, strangely enough, they retain the idea that deafness is incurable, which absurdity has been taught them by physicians of a past age. The advice to be taken in the commencement of deafness, even in the confirmed stage, is to make no experiments upon yourself. "It is true," says an expert in diseases of the ear, "that no one can use such an instrument (a syringe) satisfactorily and safely on himself. The very best physician, one who devotes himself exclusively to the cure of deafness and diseases of the ear, should be sought. Common sense, of course, dictates this, but what should be prevented is the stupid habit so many people have of injuring their ears forever by using syringes for them in perfect ignorance of the risks they run.

We meet a great many warm friends during the heated term.

Animal Patience.

We have a little dog, one of those beautiful creatures known as a King Charles, on which it was found necessary to perform a surgical operation. With a heavy heart we took the animal, unconscious of what was to ensue, to the Royal Veterinary college, and were fearful as to what might be the sufferings and its consequences. The operation occupied a quarter of an hour, and, though no doubt painful, was borne with a wonderful degree of quietness and patience.

For an hour or two afterward the patient was rather dull, but recovered his spirits and is as lively as ever. On the remarkable degree of equanimity often demonstrated by dogs under surgical treatment, the *Lancet*, in a recent number, makes the following remarks:

"We have often been struck with astonishment while witnessing the patient submission of animals, especially dogs and horses, to surgical operations, and to the surgical operations necessitated. A case in point has been brought under our notice. A fine pointer bitch had a large, hard, fibrous tumor on the breast, with deep and far-reaching roots. The operation for its removal was very skillfully and effectually executed by Mr. George Fleming, veterinary surgeon of the Second Life Guards. During the operation the animal displayed an amount of patience that would have been creditable in a human being. Even during the most painful part of the proceeding, that of inserting sutures, she never flinched. The same resignation was displayed when the time for dressing the wound came around. The patient received the surgeon with an air of preparation, and even put herself into position for being dressed.

In the case of a similar operation of another dog some years ago, strong resistance was offered to the attempt to give chloroform; but the animal submitted to the surgical procedure as we have described above. Such facts submit of a partial explanation in the mental theory of pain, according to which suffering that is not anticipated and mentally apprehended is not pain in the acuter sense of the word. But we should be sorry to see this explanation carried so far as to deprive our dumb fellowr creatures of all credit for the submission they show under surgical treatment. We should go further, and say that they are vastly more sensible than many human beings in their estimate of the medical profession, and have instinct enough to see that even when pain is inflicted on them, it is for a good and kind purpose.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Crater of Hilo.

We stood on the brink of the molten lake. And here the pen fails to convey what the mind fails to comprehend, and describe a scene of fearful, terrible sublimity—a vast pit, a thousand feet in circumference, with black walls forty feet high, rising perpendicularly, and at the bottom a mass of ever-moving, ever-heaving melted lava; now crusted over with a thin crust, which was cooled by the atmosphere, now swelling and bursting through the crust, throwing up a mass of red hot lava, spouting and beating tumultuously; now pressing one way, now another, surging against the sides, to be dashed back again into the ever-moving mass; seams opening, showing the lurid mass beneath. The sight was awfully grand. The mind was forced back, and probably none of the party that stood and gazed and wondered but felt constrained to compare the terrible sight before us with that lake whose fire burneth forever and ever. There has evidently been a very great change in the whole character and appearance of this crater since it was visited by Mr. Stewart in 1825. Its action must have been then much more general and extended throughout the whole floor of the crater, whereas the only portion now active is the small lake in the southwestern part. There is something strangely fascinating in lingering near this mighty display of creative power, and many persons expose themselves to danger in the excitement of procuring good points for a view, or specimens as mementoes of the visit; and some of our party who seemed a little timid in approaching it, were the last who cared to leave. We were much surprised to find or see a mass of lava, like an island, in the molten lake. It may have been thrown up by the action of the volcano—or it may be a mass detached from the side of the cliff and fallen in. It forms quite a striking feature of the lake, and the question of how it withstands the action of the molten mass that washes its base is an interesting one. At our right was a steam escape, which, at short intervals, emitted a loud, protracted blast, like a high pressure steamboat.

Four Rich Men.

The Liverpool *Courier* gives some rather interesting particulars as to the four men who are supposed to be the most wealthy living Of these the poorest is the Duke of Westminister, whose income is set down at $3,000,000 a year. Taking it at that sum, the amount which the duke can spend without intrenching on his capital is $10,000 a day, $450 an hour, and $7.50 a minute. The next man in ascending the scale is Senator Jones, of Nevada, whose income is valued at exactly $5,000,000, giving him the right to spend, if he likes, $10 a minute out of revenue. The head of the Rothschild family comes next, with a yearly income of $2,000,000, and the expenses which he can defray thereout are, of course, double as great as those of the senator.

At the top of the list comes Mr. J. W. Mackay, with a revenue of $10,750,000, which enables him to disburse $35,000 a day, $1,500 an hour, and $25 a minute. The fortunes of the other three are insignificant if compared with this gentleman's wealth. For they were the growth of many years, either of successful toil or lucky speculation, or both combined. But Mr. Mackay, as the *Courier* remarks, was thirty years ago a penniless boy in Ireland. Sixteen years ago he was a bankrupt; and now he is the owner of the richest silver mine that has ever been discovered. There is, therefore, hope for all the penniless boys in "ould Ireland." We commend to them the example of Mr J. W. Mackay, who, it appears, is now only forty-five years old, and if he goes on at the same rate as during the last sixteen years, will have ample time to treble his fortune and possess an income ten times as large as that of the Duke of Westminister. Already the capitalized value of his property is set down at $275,000,000, against the modest $80,000,000 of the duke. Such figures are pleasing to the eye and ear, but the Liverpool *Courier* does not by any means vouch for the accuracy of the totals it publishes.

Lightning Trains of the Future.

The gap between New York and Philadelphia is a stretch over which American railroad engineers puzzle their wits to increase the speed of trains, just as the run betwee Liverpool and London, in Eng and, has been the one to which railroad engineers have given their attention since the days of Brunel. At present the "Flying Dutchman," the express from London to Liverpool, is a faster train than any one on the stretch of railroad from New York to Philadelphia. In a recent paper read in Philadelphia, Barnet Le Van, a railroad engineer, predicts that in five years the two American cities will be but ninety minutes apart, a speed which will require a little more than a mile a minute. But the full time now required is two hours, and the extra thirty minutes is to be saved by the Hudson river tunnel, alterations in the railroad, straightening and sinking its track, where it goes through cities, and the construction of heavier locomotives.

In a Hayfield.

Before the mower's sweeping scythe
The dewy grasses bend and fall;
A group of children, gay and blithe,
Amid the hay keep carnival;
While rising high in azure sky,
The morning sun shines lovingly.

The flowers and grasses slowly fade,
And o'er their wreaths the children sigh;
A maiden sees in ev'ry blade
Emblems of hope but borne to die;
Yet in the sky, still rising high,
The golden sun shines lovingly.

The mower works with haggard eyes,
For bitter grief is in his breast;
A lark flies up with startled cries—
The scythe has swept away her nest;
Yet, risen high in deep blue sky,
The sun still shines on lovingly.

From ivied church the mourners go
(The sun is sinking in the west);
The mower death has laid one low,
With fading flowers to be at rest;
Yet in the sky, 'mid smile and sigh,
The sun shines ever lovingly.

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

The Ideal.

I think the song that's sweetest
Is the one that's never sung;
That lies at the heart of the singer
Too grand for mortal tongue.
And sometimes in the silence
Between the day and night,
He fancies that its measures
Bid farewell to the light.

A picture that is fairer
Than all that have a part
Among the masterpieces
In the marble halls of art,
Is the one that haunts the painter
In all his golden dreams,
And to the painter only
A real picture seems.

The noblest, grandest poem
Lies not in blue and gold
Among the treasured volumes
That rosewood bookshelves hold;
But in bright, glowing visions,
It comes to the poet's brain,
And when he tries to grasp it
He finds his effort vain.

A fairy hand from dreamland
Beckons up here and there,
And when we strive to clasp it
It vanishes into air.
And thus our fair ideal
Floats always just before
And we with longing spirits
Reach for it evermore.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Moths eat up $25,000,000 worth of goods in the country every year, while elephants don't injure us a bit.

The writer of the well-known hymn, "I want to be an angel," Miss Sydney Paul Gill, died at Newark, N. J., recently.

A motto for authors: "By their works ye shall know them."—*Every Saturday.*

The New Haven *Register* intimates that when a man offers to take back his unkind words he wants to use them over again.

In a Minnesota town a horse frightened by a hailstorm tried to jump over a barbed wire fence and was cut to pieces in the effort.

To stiffen a crape veil, always keep it folded and pressed under a heavy book, and when it looks gray, take alcohol enough to wet it thoroughly, then shake it dry, fold it nicely and press.

Sour apple sauce is greatly improved by the addition of a tablespoonful of butter to a quart of sauce, and, moreover, there is much less sugar needed. A little lemon peel makes a fine flavor.

A youngster joyfully assured his mother the other day that he had found out where they made horses; he had seen a man finishing one—"he was just nailing on his last foot."

There are now in the United States 900 miles of bridges. One-third of them are of stone and iron and two-thirds of wood, and these latter will have to be rebuilt by our engineers with the more durable material.

A rattlesnake was found recently in a garden a few miles north of Farmersville, Texas, and in the snake's head was clearly traceable the counterfeit presentment of a child's face. A photograph was taken of this lusus naturæ, and is on exhibition at Dallas.

"Wouldn't you like to have a bow?" said the bold young archer as they sauntered down the field, and she murmured "Yes," and the absorbed archer said, "What kind of a bow would you prefer?" She quivered a little as she replied, archly, "I think I should prefer yew," and then the young man heaved a bull's sigh.

There are twelve firms in Wilmington, Del., engaged in the manufacture of morocco, which employs in the aggregate about 1,000 hands. They have a capital invested of some $2,000,000, and turn out a total of about 800 dozen finished skins per day. This leather is made exclusively of goat skins, which are procured from all parts of the country.

A little four-year-old was at one of our photograph studios having her picture taken. The artist said: "You must keep your mouth shut, my dear, and your eyes open," as the little mite showed a decided inclination to open her mouth and shut her eyes. But on being instructed she braced up, and after a few minutes wonderingly said: "Now, what shall I do with my nose?"

There was an elephant that had been trained to play the piano with its trunk in a show. One day a new piano was bought for it, but no sooner had the elephant touched the keys than it burst into a flood of tears. "What ails you, Kiouni?" asked its keeper. The poor beast could only point to the ivory keys. Alas! they were made of the tusks of his mother.

An Englishman who traveled up the Nile states that his beard, which at home was straight, soft and silky, began immediately on arriving at Alexandria to curl, and to grow crisp, strong and coarse. Before reaching Es Souan it resembled horsehair to the touch and was disposed in ringlets. He accounted for this by the exceeding dryness of the air, and considers that in the course of many generations it permanently curled and crisped the hair of negroes. The hair on the traveler's head was not affected.

A Peruvian Experience.

A San Francisco gentleman who was in South America during the past year, having occasion to go from Valparaiso to Tacna, Peru, on legitimate private business, was arrested upon suspicion of being a Chilian spy. Being anxious to penetrate into Bolivia, and unable to obtain a passport, he ran the Chilian blockade from Iquique, carrying in his pockets some business and family correspondence and family photographs. One of these home letters contained the painted head of a paper doll, sent to him by his two-year-old boy, and a funny letter, scrowled in unmeaning hieroglyphics by the same baby hands. These momentoes were viewed with great suspicion by the officials and deemed quite sufficient to justify his being shot. He was incarcerated in a dungeon, guared by two sentinels and kept for the first three days without food. In the course of a few days every Chilian in the province was arrested, and as the families of the prisoners were allowed to visit them the American managed to smuggle a letter to a prominent merchant of the place, a Mr. Camerery of the firm of Camerery & Koch, to whom he had brought letters of introduction. This gentleman finally succeeded, at the expiration of three weeks, in obtaining his release. His confiscated possessions were returned to him, with the exception of the momentoes described, which will probably occupy important places in Peruvian annals, to the surprise of the little fellow who sent them.

The prisoner was discharged by the authorities with considerable reluctance, a fact perhaps due to his manner of reception of their courtesies. Even the three days' starving did not tame him, to see whether he was ready to come to terms, and yield the key to the mysterious cipher, he told them he would acknowledge he was hungry, and informed them that if they would roast their prefect or General Montero, he would gladly eat them, and the might make him a civilized Beruano.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ ....EDITOR

:0:

CENTRE HALL, Pa., July 15, 1880.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.
WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

STATE TICKET.

SUPREME JUDGE,
GEORGE A. JENKS, Jefferson County.
AUDITOR GENERAL,
ROBERT P. DECHERT, Philadelphia.

"The great Principles of American Liberty are still the lawful Inheritance of this People, and ever should be.

The right of trial by Jury, the Habeas Corpus, the Liberty of the Press, the Freedom of Speech, the Natural Rights of Persons, and the Rights of Property, must be preserved."

[Extract from Order of Gen'l Hancock, of Nov. 29, 1867.]

If Garfield got bribed without knowing it is he a safe man to put into the presidential chair, is a question for the radical reader of the REPORTER.

Read the great speech of Senator Bayard in another column. The utterings of great and pure men like Mr. Bayard should receive thoughtful attention,

Jerome Ames, of Watertown, N. Y., shot seven times at a man six feet away and never even grazed him.—*World.*

Oakes Ames did better—he crippled Garfield by a single shot.

Don Cameron would not take the chairmanship of the republican national committee, because he says he needs rest. Ex-Gov. Jewell, after some trouble, was found willing to take it.

An interview of Tilden by a Herald reporter brings out the fact that Hancock was Tilden's choice long before the convention, and that Mr. Tilden did not seek the nomination even in 1876.

An editor of a down east republican paper has been sent to the asylum. He looked through Gen. Hancock's entire life and record to find something to twist into a fault, but without success. This mortified the credit mobilierite so much that he went crazy.

A Madrid correspondent telegraphs as follows:—"Prince Demidoff, who recently sold his estate of San Donato, has just lost at play in one night $1,600,000. The winners were Messrs. Beutern, Boblinski, and young Count Schouvaloff. The game was baccarat and was played at the Yacht Club.

The publication of Judge Black's letter commending General Hancock's order assuming command of the Department of the South ought to silence the silly charge that Judge Black wrote the order himself and that General Hancock simply signed his name to it. Jeremiah S. Black is not the man to praise his own composition; he thinks less of them, in fact, than anybody else.

Gen. Grant has just made, in Missouri, one of the longest speeches of his life, in which he went into a comparison between the two parties, expressing a preference for the Republicans, but professing friendship for the Democrats.

Yet in all this speech, long for him, we find no word of praise for Gen. Garfield, not even the most distant reference to the Republican candidate.

The REPORTER would feel inclined not to have Fred Grant take the stump for Hancock.

Some of the republican leaders want Garfield to withdraw because his record is one the party can not defend against the assaults of the democrats. The record of his credit Mobilier transaction, his DeGolyer bribe, and salary grab, all is down in the official documents and can not be explained away. We say do not withdraw Garfield—you have nominated him, now swallow him, he is as good as some of your other leaders, and you have but few who did not dabble in all the jobs along with Garfield, he is on the track now and if you wish ro rebuke him for his bad record, vote for Hancock the great soldier statesman.

In taking the census in Utah a puzzling question arose. The enumerators could not decide what to do with plural wives in the classification list, which made no provisions for that unlawful state of matrimonial affairs, and refered the matter to Superintendent Walker. Ought the women to go in as married or single? The Superintendent evaded the difficulty by directing them to take the women's word for it in all cases. It is to be hoped their word will be better than that of the Albany woman who insisted that her age was thirty-three, though admitting that her daughter had a boy of fourteen.

Senator Wallace has been chosen chairman of the Democratic National Committee, at the request of Gen. Hancock and with the advice of Mr. Tilden. In order to arrange this, Hon. Wm. L. Scott, of Erie, member of this state on that committee, has resigned, in order that Mr. Wallace might take his place and become chairman. This is a wise choice, and the best selection that could have been made. Senator Wallace is one of the shrewdest politicians in the party and an organizer without a superior. He is able and energetic and as chairman he becomes the leader of the national democracy. We are as much pleased with this selection as with the nomination of Hancock. Nothing more fitting could have followed the work of the Cincinnati convention. In fact, at every turn the REPORTER snuffs in the odors of victory.

The books of DeGolyer & McClellan, the Washington pavement-makers, when produced before the Congressional Committee, showed that out of a $700,000 contract the firm cleared a profit of $300,000. Among the disbursements was a sum of $97,000 paid to the District Ring, to lobbyists like Parsons, the Marshal of the District, and to attorneys or counsel—among whom Mr. Garfield appeared as receiving a fee of $5,000. Among the letters produced was one from Mr. G. R. Chittenden, the attorney for DeGolyer & McClellan. It ran thus:

"Tuesday afternoon Parsons arrived. We shall get 100,000 yards, and how much more is problematical. The influence of General Garfield has been secured by yesterday's, last night's and to-day's labors. He holds the purse-strings of the United States, is Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations and the strongest man in Congress; and with our friends my demand is to-day not less than 100,000 yards more—200,000 in all. I can hardly realize we have General Garfield with us. It is a rare success, and very gratifying, as all the appropriations must come through him."

It is true of course that Mr. Garfield cannot be convicted of corrupt practices on this evidence. But he admits his business connection with these people, and certainly gives an unfavorable view of his moral fibre to find them talking of him in this strain.

Dr. Tanner of New York, is experimenting upon himself as to how long a man can live without taking any nourishment but water. On 4 the report of his case ran thus:

At noon to-morrow, unless he breaks down in the meantime, Dr. Henry S. Tanner—who claims to believe that food is a luxury which man may forego for forty days—will have existed a week without eating, and about one hundred and twelve hours without drinking even water. His determination to do without, if possible, was born of a remark by one of the doubting doctors that water constitutes nine-tenths of a man's weight, and is in one sense food. He says that he will accomplish the feat of doing without food, but will drink water if he finds it necessary to avoid failure in the other respect.

Tanner describes his feeling as a sensation of emptiness in the stomach, and says that he would be affected as men are who are compelled to fast, where it not that by the exercise of his will he keeps his brain from being affected. When asked whether he had visions of beasts, as starving men do, he replied that he does not allow his thoughts to take that direction. His pulse is normal, his eyes are bright, but he has the appearance of being weak. He does not test his strength. In the first five days he lost ten pounds in weight. He says that for a while he will lose about four ounces a day. Dr. Hammond, Surgeon General during the war, says there is not the slightest chance of Dr. Tanner's success; that he will die or become insane, in less than a week. The fasting man is so closely watched that there seems to be no opportunity for him to cheat.

The republican press were trying to rob Gen. Hancock of the credit of writing his own famous orders sustaining the civil authorities, by alleging that Judge Black is the author of the orders. The following sets this lie at rest:

The following cablegram was received in New York on Wednesday night:

London, July 7.—I am not the author of General Hancock's letters or orders concerning Louisiana. I knew nothing of them until they were printed.

[Signed] J. S. BLACK.

A PROMINENT REPUBLICAN OUT FOR HANCOCK.

Major-Gen. Hancock.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I take the earliest opportunity to congratulate you upon your nomination and to assure you, life-long Whig and Republican that I am of my most hearty support. I belong to a very numerous and very staunch old Silver-gray Republican family. With one solitary exception, there never was one of them known to vote the Democratic ticket, but I venture to say that they will to a man vote for you. They cannot consistently do otherwise.

You, sir, embody the views and sentiments in regard to the great questions of the day that we have entertained since the war closed. They are the same that actuated Gen. Grant when he laid down those liberal terms of surrender to Gen. Lee. They are the same that actuated my poor friend Raymond, when he battled so manfully in the committee of Congress against the savage policy of Thad Stevens. I believe Gen. Grant would support you to-day, did not the exigencies of his situation forbid it. And Henry J. Raymond, were he alive, would support you, too, unless the exigencies of the New York Times restrained him. He was compelled at an early day to smother the sentiments he had expressed in the address of the Philadelphia Convention, to abandon his career in legislative halls and to change the tone of the Times, or, as Mr. Jones, our manager and partner, insisted, the paper would be ruined. (I believe I offered to pay the damages at the time, but that was considered impracticable.) It was a bitter pill, but it had to be swallowed. Thad Stevens had succeeded through a Congress which misrepresented the country in engrafting his policy upon the Republican party. And though a majority of the party as I firmly believe, were disgusted, it was fastened upon them, and there was no way of getting rid of it. Thus for years a vast number of us, good Republicans, have been compelled to be helpless supporters of a policy we believe to be the very worst that could be devised. An opportunity is presented us now for the first time with any show of success to vote in accordance with our convictions, and I am sure we shall do it most joyfully. With great respect and esteem believe me yours faithfully,

LEONARD W. JEROME.

THE TURNING OF THE POLITICAL TIDE.

From the St. Louis Republican.

A Republican club of sixty-five voters met last night at the corner of fifth and Myrtle streets, Edward Crowley in the chair, and adopted the following significant resolutions:

Whereas, The Republican party has seen fit to nominate a man for the Presidency in whose integrity we have no confidence, and who we belive has no abiding interest in the welfare of the nation only so far as it can minister to his paltry personal ambition; and

Whereas, The Democratic party has placed in nomination for the same office a man of integrity, ability and courage; therefore; be it

Resolved, That we, a band of candid Republicans, who believe in adhering to the true principles upon which our republican form of government was founded, have severed our connection with that party governed by Rings and cliques, and cheerfully pledge ourselves to support the candidacy of Hancock and English during the ensuing campaign, and promise to use all honorable means to insure their triumph at the coming national election,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Gen. Hancock, the next President of the United States, to William H. English, the next Vice-President and to the various military organizations throughout the State of Missouri.

ANOTHER SOLDIER DECLARES FOR HANCOCK.

To the Editor of the Pittsburgh Post:

DEAR SIR:—I have been a life-long Republican, have taken a small part in every campaign since Abraham Lincoln's time, and have spent both time and money in every Presidential election. Now I must say like thousands of other soldiers should say, "Hurrah for Gen. Hancock." I will give the General my strength and support,

I am ever yours.
CAPT. N. M. SICKLES,
No. 45 Locust street, Allegheny, Pa.

The World remarks that the Republican papers are beginning to draw picturesque contrasts between Garfield as a canal-boy, at the helm of a gondola of the Wabash, and Garfield at the helm of the ship of State. If General Garfield ever was really a canal-boy, he ought to instruct his supporters that a canal-boy is not at the helm of the boat. He is only at the helm of the mule.

Philadelphia's population is 847,452.

Chicago has 502,994 of a population.

Hon. Horatio King, a leading republican of New York, goes for Hancock,

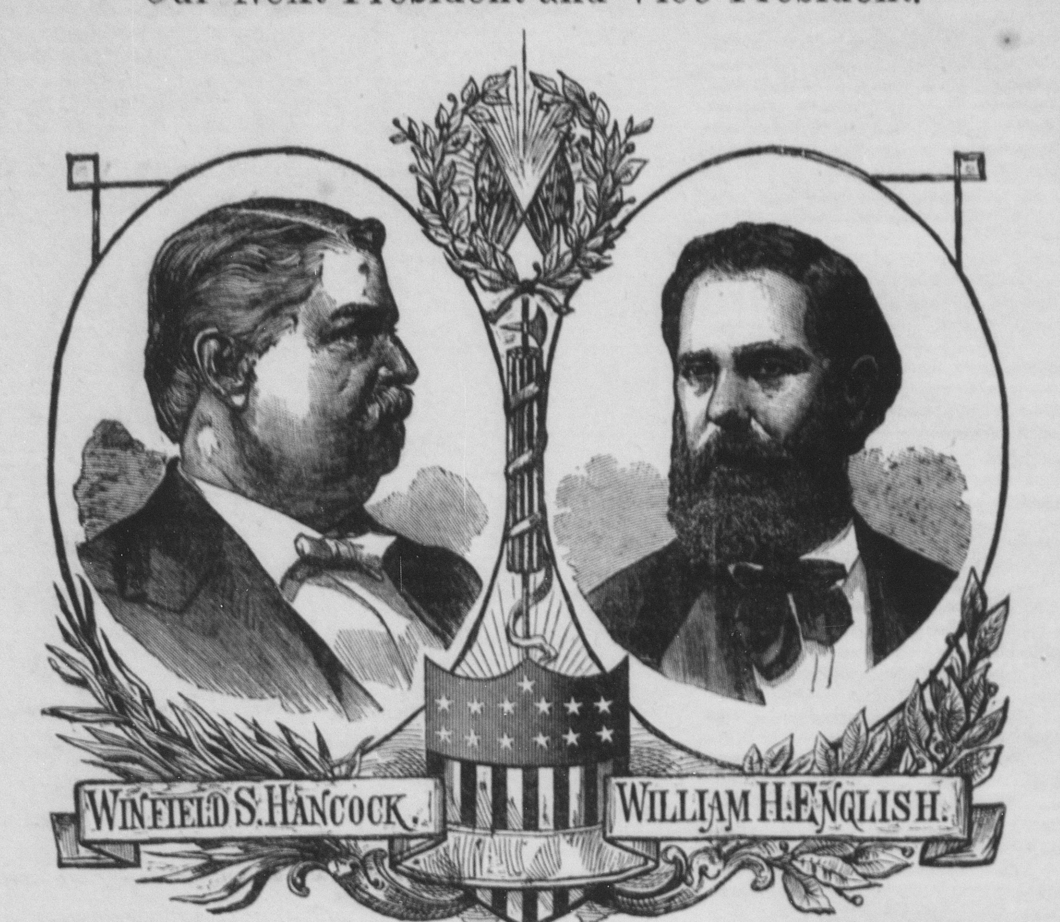
Jno. W. Forney long the republican leader in Penn'a goes for Hancock.

Gen. Pearson, a distinguished soldier and republican of Pittsburg, goes for Hancock.

E. Joy Morris a prominent Penn'a republican and long a member of congress, goes for Hancock.

Don Cameron has declined to take the chairmanship of the rep. National Committee.

Our Next President and Vice President.


WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.
WILLIAM H. ENGLISH.

WILLIAM H. ENGLISH OF INDIANA.

The democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency was born in Scott county, Ind., August 27, 1822, studied for three years at the University of South Hanover Ind., studied law and was admitted to the Bar, in 1846, but devoted his time chiefly to agriculture, being the owner of an extensive estate. He was a clerk of the Indiana House of Representatives in 1843, in the Treasury Department at Washington during the administration of President Polk, 1844-48, and of the Indiana Constitutional Convention of 1850. In the following year he was elected to the Indiana Legislature and immediately chosen its Speaker, a remarkable compliment to so young a man during his first term of legislative office. In 1852 he was elected to Congress and was three times re-elected, serving from 1853 to 1861. He has not since then held any important office, but has become a prominent element in Indiana politics through his wealth and his long experience. He has resided for many years at Indianapolis as president of the First National Bank of that city, his former cashier having been John C. New, lately Treasurer of the United States. In 1878 Mr. English retired from the presidency of the bank and Mr. New took his place. The name of Mr. English has frequently been mentioned of late as a possible candidate for the Presidency, and his almost unanimous nomination for the second place on the ticket is good evidence of his popularity in Indiana and the Western States generally.

HANCOCK'S LOUISIANA ORDER.

What Judge Black Thought and Said at the Time.

Washington, November 30, 1867.—MY DEAR GENERAL: This moment I read your admirable order. I am much engaged, but I cannot resist the temptation to steal time enough from my clients to tell you how grateful you have made me by your patriotic and noble behavior. Yours is the first, most distinct and most emphatic recognition the principles of American liberty has received at the hands of any high officer in a southern command. It has the very ring of the revolutionary metal. Washington never said a thing in better taste or better time. It will prove to all men that "Peace hath her victories not less renowned than those of war." I congratulate you not because it will make you the most popular man in America (for I dare say you care nothing about that), but because it will give you through all time the solid reputation of a true patriot and a sincere lover of your country, its laws and its government. This, added to your brilliant achievements as a soldier, will leave you without a rival in the affections of all whose good will is worth having, and give you a place in history which your children will be proud of.

This acknowledgement from me does not amount to much, but I am expressing only the feeling of millions, and expressing them freely at that.

With profound respect I am yours, etc., J. S. BLACK.

To Major General Hancock.

GENERAL PEARSON, A REPUBLICAN SINCE 1854, DECLARES FOR HANCOCK IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Greensburg, Pa., July 2.—Westmoreland County, long known as the star of the west for her rousing Democratic majorities, was ablaze with Hancock and English enthusiasm to-night. Never was there such an immense demonstration in this county. Four thousand visitors from the surrounding towns and townships attended the ratification meeting held in the Court-House. The town was brilliantly illuminated. General Richard Coulter, of volunteer fame, was President. General Pearson, of Pittsburg, who has deserted the Republicans to support Hancock, made a rousing speech, a summary of which I send. General Pearson said: "I have been a life-long Republican. Since 1854, when the party was first organized, I have been one of its most ardent supporters. Although not a voter at that period. I attended the recent Republican National Convention at Chicago as an alternate from Allegheny County. I left before the nominations were made, and when the telegraph wire clicked the intelligence that General Garfield was nominated it filled me with disgust. I began to think, I kept on thinking, I stopped, and then I thought on till the Democratic National Convention met at Cincinnati. I was sitting in the United States Court-House at Pittsburg watching every despatch that came. When the despatch came announcing that my old fellow-soldier, with whom I had fought many hard battles, was nominated, I arose and said: 'I am now prepared to say that I am for General Winfield Scott Hancock for President!' I remember very distinctly when the enemy was invading our State, when our people were erecting fortifications, when the dirt was thrown upon the wrong side and it was thought they were approaching Pittsburg, the man you have nominated was riding in front of the Second Corps at Gettysburg. The repulse of that mighty rebel army depended upon him, for the enemy were overrunning Pennsylvania. Then and there it was that majestic hero, General Hancock, at the head of his army corps repelled them. If Hancock had not saved that day the army of the Potomac would have been lost. The rattle of musketry, the roar of the artillery and the shrieks and groans of the dying upon that occasion are indescribable, but those stern rebel lines, 45,000 strong, were, driven back by General Hancock, and our people and their property were saved. If there are any Republican soldiers present they will remember the battlefields of Gettysburg, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and the heroic Hancock, and as they remember him riding along in front of his troops, majestically bowing as if on parade while crossing the line of fire, every man of them will say with me: 'I will cast my vote for Hancock.

According to judge Black's letter Garfield only didn't know it was loaded.

Samuel J. Tilden has given his check for $100,000 towards the Hancock fund. That's noble, and just like Tilden.

—The Reporter for the campaign at 12 cents per month, in advance. We would be pleased to have each reader and friend of the Reporter send us a name for the campaign, and thus help the spread of democratic doctrine. Persons getting up clubs will receive a copy free.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S FAMOUS ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT.
New Orleans, La, November 29, 1867.
(General Orders. No. 40.)

I. In accordance with general orders No. 81, Headquarters of the Army, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C., August 27th, 1867, Major-General W. S. Hancock hereby assumes command of the Fifth Military District and of the Department composed of the States of Lousiana and Texas.

II. The General Commanding is gratified to learn that peace and quiet reign in this Department. It will be his purpose to preserve this condition of things. As a means to this great end he regards the maintenance of the civil authorities in the faithful execution of the laws as the most efficient under existing circumstances.

In war it is indispensable to repel force by force, and overthrow and destroy opposition to lawful authority. But when insurrectionery force has been overthrown and peace established, and the civil authorities are ready and willing to perform their duties, the military power should cease to lead, and the civil administration resume its natural and rightful dominion. Solemnly impressed with these veiws, the General annouuces that the great principles of American liberty are still the lawful inheritance of this people, and ever should be. The right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural righs of persons, and the rights of property must be preserved.

Free institutions, while they are essential to the prosperity and happiness of the people, always furnish the strongest inducements to peace and order. Crimes and offences committed in this district must be referred to the consideration and judgement of the regular civil tribunals, and those tribunals will be supported in their lawful jurisdiction,

Should there be violations of existing laws which are not inquired into by civil magistrates, or should failures in the administration of justice by the courts be complained of, the case will be reported to these headquarters, when such orders will be made as may be deemed necessary.

While the General thus indicates his purpose to respect the liberties of the people, he wishes all to understand that armed insurrection or forcible resistance to the law will be instantly suppressed by arms.

By command of Major-General Winfield S. Hancock. Official)

Order to secure the purity of elections, and to prevent military interference at the polls.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT.
New Orleans, La., December 18, 1867.
(Special Orders. No. 213.)

EXTRACT.

I. In compliance with the supplementary act of Congress of March 23d, 1867, notice is hereby given that an election will be held in the State of Texas on the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th days of February, 1868, to determine whether a convention shall be held, and for delegates thereto, "to form a constitution" for the State under said act.

. . . . . .

IX. Military interference with elections, "unless it shall be necessary to keep the peace at the polls," is prohibited by law, and no soldiers will be allowed to appear at any polling place, unless as citizens of the State they are registered as voters, and then only for the purpose of voting; but the commanders of posts will be prepared to act promptly if the civil authorities fail to preserve the peace,

X. The sheriff and other peace officers of each county, are required to be present during the whole time the polls are kept open, and untill the election is completed, and will be made responsible that there shall be no interference with judges of election, or other interruption of good order.

As an additional measure to secure the purity of the election, each registrar or clerk is hereby clothed, during the election, with authority to call upon the civil officers of the county to make arrests, and in case of failure of the aforesaid civil officers, are empowered to perform their duties, during the election. They will make full report of such failures on the part of civil officers, to the Commanding General, Fifth Military District, through the headquarters, District of Texas, for orders in each case.

By command of Major-General Winfield Hancock. (official)

"I hope to be relieved here (5th Dist.) soon. The President is no longer able to protect me. So that I may expect one humiliation after another, until I am forced to resign. I am prepared for any event. NOTHING CAN INTIMIDATE ME FROM DOING WHAT I BELIEVE TO BE HONEST AND RIGHT.

BLAINE, CAMERON AND BOOTH SAY "A STRONG TICKET."

Richmond, Va., June 24, 1880.

Senator Blaine, of Maine, Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Booth, of California, are now at the White Sulphur Springs, seeking repose and rest after the fatigues of a long Congressional session and the excitement of a National Convention. The meeting here between Blaine and Cameron was purely accidental and rather a surprise to both the gentlemen. Mr. Booth went up with Mr. Cameron. They were asked to-day their individual opinion of the nominations at Cincinnati.

Mr. Blaine said, curtly, "It is a strong ticket."

Mr. Cameron said, "It is a very strong ticket and hard to beat."

Mr. Booth said, "It is a strong ticket, and English secures Indiana."

James Hayes, an Irish Catholic leader and member of the City Council, said:—"The nomination is a strong one. I wanted Bayard, but I'm for the war with Hancock."

James A. Gentry, democratic Mayor elect of the city of Manchester:—"The biggest thing out. The best ticket that could have been nominated. I pledge Manchester for Hancock and English."

General Rosecrans is an active supporter of Hancock.

Seventeen republicans of South Easton have come out for Hancock.

A Colored Hancock club, numbering 200, has been formed in Montgomery, Alabama.

The republican factions in Allegheny county, are unable to reconcile their differences.

HANCOCK SAVES PHILADELPHIA.

Col. Forney's Reasons for Supporting the Hero of Gettysburg.

From Progress.

There are many deathless days in the American memory; among them the attack upon the American flag in Charleston harbor on the 12th of April, 1861; the battle of Gettysburg on the 1st, 2nd and 3d days of July, 1863; the fall of Richmond on the 9th day of April, 1865, and the assassination of Abraham Lincoln on the 14th day of April, 1865. No days in human history ever aroused a more agonizing solicitude or closed upon more gigantic transactions or opened a wider vista of human possibilities. Each of these events has a strange and almost providential meaning. Each possessed the peculiar quality of conquering in an instant millions of prejudices. The ball fired at the old flag from Charleston consolidated the north and struck down human slavery. The victory of Gettysburg saved the second great city of the Union from flames. The fall of Richmond was the certain rise of the republic, and the death of Lincoln consecrated his great mission of forgiveness to all. When we come to notice the annals of our civil war, these four events, with the emancipation of the slaves on the 1st of January, 1863, will be to the historian like so many planets shedding light on all other objects and marshaling the way to the final lesson and duty of the patriot. Each was a revolution in itself, affecting the remotest interests and leaving all men in a new condition of thought and self-examination.

But none of these tragedies wrought a deeper sensation or gave birth to a more lasting gratitude than the battle of Gettysburg, in 1863. Here at last is one of those occurrences that cannot easily be forgotten. The human race is prone to forget. One philosopher says that ingratitude is the badge of all our tribe; but like all maxims it is best proved by the expections. In this instance we cannot if we would, and thank God, we would not if we could, blot out what that defeat of the Confederates did for the city of Philadelphia. Happily it is not so long ago as to have faded out of our minds. It is only seventeen years since, and it was a day of such sharp agony and such universal terror, and the victory was such an unspeakable relief, that the children now grown to men and women think of it as gratefully as the middle aged and grandmothers and grandfathers. It was the single instance in which the fiery blast of war came close to a great northern metropolis. The confederates advanced in tremendous force. Led by their beloved General Lee and by his chosen Lieutenants, they seemed resolved to make a last stand in the rich valleys of Franklin and Adams, choosing, as if by instinct, the regions called after two of the most precious names in American history. Grant was engaged at the same moment winding his fatal coils around the southern city of Vicksburg; but the point most vital to all at that supreme moment was the field of Gettysburg.

What Philadelphian can ever forget the suspense of those July days? There was not a household that did not throb and thrill between hope and fear. There were 100,000 men, thousands of them from Philadelphia and the neighboring towns, and there was not a family that did not tremble for its loved ones engaged in that fatal strife, or that did not shudder at the advance of the foe who seemed so near, or that did not fancy in that advance the loss of the holy cause of the Union.

On the morning of the 4th of July, 1863, I was at the Union League, then on Chestnut street near Eleventh, Philadelphia, in the massive building now occupied by the family of the beloved Mathew Baldwin. The rooms and gardens of the lovely mansion were filled to overflowing with pale, anxious men; the streets were full of a silent, waiting crowd; the sidewalks and windows were crowded with women; even the children were awed into silence as their elders discussed in whispers the possibilities of the dreadful fight in the green valleys of the Cumberland. Reynolds had been killed on the 2d of July, along with thousands of others, and his brother James L., came from Lancaster, in this state, bowed down with terror at the sacrifice, and humble women were sobbing over the dispatches already recording their losses. It was a day of tears and dispair. I had been present at other scenes of sorrow, but nothing like this Fourth of July, 1863. The commandant of this department was General J. A. J. Dana, and his office was in Girard street near Twelfth, and I held a position as a consulting member of his staff. About noon of that Saturday I saw his tall form crossing Chestnut street to the League, and when his eye caught mine I saw that he was in tears. He handed me a dispatch from General Meade just received. I opened and tried to read it, but could not. I saw enough to feel that we were saved. And soon the good news became universal. Then all hearts exploded with joy over the deliverance. It was a wonderful sight, that sudden change from grief to gratitude. Some shed tears, some shouted in joy, old foes became friends, and even infidels joined in the spontaneous prayers of the preachers. Robert Browning's thrilling poem describing the man who carried the "good news to Ghent," which broke the siege and filled the souls of the Flemish with a deep thanksgiving to God, might have been paraphrased in honor of the messenger who brought such [illegible] to oppressed and terrified and happiness to despairing Philadelphia.

Who won that great fight? Who saved Philadelphia from fire and spoil? Who drove back the enemy and saved us from a fate of which the burning of Chambersburg and Carlisle and the forced contributions upon York were intended to be grim preparations? A brave army of patriotic citizens, led by three Pennsylvania generals—George Gordon Meade, of Philadelphia, John Fulton Reynolds of Lancaster, and Winfield Scott Hancock of Montgomery. Meade and Reynolds are both gone. Meade died on the 6th of November, 1872, in the house presented to his wife by the people of Philadelphia, afterward supplemented by a contribution of $100,000 from the same source. Reynolds was killed in battle on the 2d of July, and is buried at Lancaster. Hancock is to day the democratic candidate for president of the United States. * * * *

I am only one of the army of republicans who will vote for General Hancock for these reasons: only one of many of the oldest republicans in this city, who call upon me to say that they would be ashamed of themselves if, after all their words of praise and thanksgiving for the salvation of Philadelphia from fire and rebel contribution in 1863, they should now vote against the man who did the most of the work. General Garfield is a good man, but we owe him nothing compared to the debt to Hancock. When told that to vote for Hancock is to vote for a democrat, I reply that the partition between the two parties is very thin. The only point on which we may be said to differ is protection, and that cannot be a very strong one when Hancock comes from the great tariff county of Montgomery, Pennsylvania, and all his friends are open advocates of protection, while Garfield was elected a member of the Cobden club in London, the great free trade head quarters in England, because of his rather bold sympathies with the western enemies of Pennsylvania interests.

R A R E B A R G A I N S

—IN—

DRY GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

WILL BE OFFERED BY US DURING.

JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST.

In order to maintain during these ordinarily dull months' the activity that in our establishment characterizes all the rest of the year.

Especially will this apply to the following departments:

THE SILK DEPARTMENT
in which wonderful inducements are offered in
Black and Colored Silks,
Summer and Fancy Silks, etc.

The DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENTS
in which considerable reductions have been made in
Lace and Plain Buntings,
Grenadines, French Novelties and all seasonable Fabrics.

The BLACK GOODS DEPAATMENT
in which large lines of desirable goods have been marked down to cause a rapid clearance, including the immense stock of
Buntings and Grenadines.

THE SUIT DEPARTMENT.
with its grand array of readymade garments of all kinds for
Ladies, Misses and Children.

THE HOSIERY DEPARTMENT
in which almost everything in the great stock has been marked at the lowest point these goods have ever reached.

The DEPARTMENT FOR FOREIGN COTTONS
in which nearly all the
Lawns, Ginghams, Chintzes, Calicoes, etc,
have shared in the general reduction.

THE MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

Will supply all who cannot visit us personally with samples of whateve may be need.

—0—

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.
EIGHTH AND MARKET STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
FIRST, LAST AND ALL THE TIME
For
HANCOCK AND ENGLISH

THE WEEKLY WORLD will contain each and every week the fullest and most complete telegraphic reports of the progress of the political campaign from each and every State in the Union. These despatches will be telegraphed from the Headquarters of each Democratic State Committee, and will accurately report the exact progress of the great fight from old Democratic ideas under the lead of Hancock and English. Every Democrat in the land must keep posted about what is being done all over the country to secure an overwhelming victory at the polls next November.

HELP ON THE GOOD FIGHT!

THE WEEKLY WORLD

will be sent to your address from now uutil the end of the campaign for
FIFTY CEMTS
Or from now until March, 1881, for
SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS
POSTAGE PAID.

The Semi-Weekly World
from now till after the campaign, $1; or from now until March 1, '81, $1.50

THE DAILY WORLD
$1 PER MONTH POSTAGE PAID

Address THE WORLD, 35 Park Row, New York.

AGENTS WANTED to sell this, the first, cheapest, best and the only authentic low price book containing the lives of

GEN'L W. S. HANCOCK
AND
W. H. ENGLISH.

A complete record of the early and military life of Maj. General Winfield S. Hancock, with a full and graphic account of the proceedings, speeches and incidents at the Cincinnati Convention, also the platform, table of ballots and letters of acceptance with the life of W. H. English. Richly embellished with numerous artistic illustrations and fine, handsome engraved Portraits of each Candidate. Sure success to all who take hold; will positively outsell all books. Send for circulars and extra terms.

Address, H. W. KELLEY & CO.
711 SANSOM STREET. Philadelphia, Pa.
15july 4t

Sellers' Fifty years before the public. Pronounced by all to be the most *pleasant* and *efficacious* remedy *now in* use, for the *cure* of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping

Cough

cough, &c. *Over a million bottles sold within the last few years,* Gives immediate relief wherever used, and has

Syrup! the power to impart benefit that *cannot* be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all druggists at 25c

NEW RICH BLOOD.

Sending health in every fiber of the system is rapidly made by that remarkable preparation, LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER. For the speedy cure of Scrofula, Wasting, Mercurial Disease, Eruptions, Erysipelas, vital decay, and every indication of impoverished blood. "Lindsey's Blood Searcher is the one remedy that can always be relied upon. Druggists sell it.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa. Aug. 7. 1my
For sale by D. J. Murray, Centre Hall. 4t

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure to cure Spavins, splints, curb &c. It removes all unnatural enlargements. DOES NOT BLISTER. Has no equal for any lameness on beast or man. It has cured hip-joint lameness in a person who had suffered 15 years. Also cured rheumatism, corns, frost-bites or any bruises, cuts or lameness. It has no equal for any blemish on horses. Send for illustrated circular giving POSITIVE PROOF. Price $1. ALL DRUGGISTS have it or can get it for you Dr. J. Kendall & Co., Proprietors, Enosburgh Falls Vermont.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., agents, 602 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
For sale by J. D. Murray

NEW ENTERPRISE.

ALEXANDER & CO.
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT
—AND—
SEED STORE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

They mean by this all the name imports, that is, to deal in and to furnish to farmers at the lowest possible price everything in the shape of an agricultural implement that farmers use, including SEEDS of all kinds

At present we have on hand and are the authorized agents for the sale of the OLIVER CHILLED PLOW, made at South Bend, Indiana. It is the best chilled plow now made; also the Keystone and iron beam plows made at Centre Hall. No better plows than those can be had for the same amount of money. Also the Centre Hall Cornplanter. We need say nothing about the merits of this planter, as the 2000 now in use in Centre county demonstrate them to be the best.

HARROWS and CULTIVATORS of the latest improved patterns.

MOWERS, REAPERS and GRAIN BINDERS.—Of these we sell the Osburn either as separate Mowers, Combined Reapers and Mowers, single Harvesters or as Combined Reapers and Binders.

THE WHEELER, No. 6, as a combined machine, is the best machine of the kind in the market.

THE GREATEST IMPROVEMENT OF THE AGE is the Norristown Gleaner and Binder. Call and see it. It is wonderfully perfect.

Any boy twelve years old, with one horse, will follow and bind all the grain that any Reaper with side delivery will cut. It not only binds but gleans, and will save the price of the machine in one year, by taking up from the stubble that which is now lost.

THE McSHERRY GRAIN DRILL, either with or without broadcast hoes, with or without fertilizer and seed sowing attachments. It is the best grain drill for all purposes in the market.

THE GEISER THRESHER AND SEPARATOR.—The reputation of this machine is so well established that we can say nothing about it that the people do not know. Any person wanting one, or in need of repairs for those now in the county, please call.

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES and PHAETONS.—We are agents for the sale of the celebrated CONKLIN WAGON, the reputation of which is so well established; also of the CORTLAND PLATFORM SPRING WAGONS, Carriages, Phaetons, and Buggies. All are warranted. Call and see specimens and examine catalogues as to styles and prices before buying elsewhere. Catalogues furnished on application.

PLASTER AND FERTILIZERS.—Cayuga plaster finely ground, as good as the best Nova Scotia, at the low price of $7.50 per ton. Peruvian Guano sold on orders only. Phosphates always on hand. Special manures for different crops sold upon orders at manufacturers' prices.

POWDER.—We are Dupont's agents. Blasting, Sporting and Rifle powder on hand and sold at wholesale prices; also fuse.

GRAIN.—After the growing crop is harvested we will be prepared to pay the highest market price for all kinds of grain.

COAL.—Our yard is always stocked with the best Anthracite Coal which we sell at lowest price.

LIME.—We make the best white lime in the State. Its properties for Mechanical and agricultural purposes excel all others.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.—We are their agents in Centre county and will supply all parties wishing good and true scales at their lowest prices.

We extend an invitation to everybody in want of anything in our line to call at our store rooms opposite the Bush House, and see what we have, and learn from those in attendance more paticularly the scope of our business.

Bellefonte May 6. ALEXANDER & CO.

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new building.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Reynolds bank. 14may

DR. J. W. RHONE, Dentist, can be found at his office and residence on North side of High Street, three doors East of Allegheny, Bellefonte, Pa. 27 feb tf.

JERRY MILLER
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER—in the basement of the bank building. All work done in a fashionable style. 1july

A NEW DEPARTURE!
BEST PLOW IN THE WORLD!

THE SYRACUSE CHILLED PLOW CO.
of Syracuse, N. Y.

Are now putting on the market a Plow that is as much superior to any Plow heretofore made as the Plows of the past few years have been superior to those made half a century ago.

It combines all the excellencies of any Plow in use.

It obviates all the objections made to any other Plow.

In addition it embraces several new features of the greatest value, for which we have obtained exclusive Patents.

Its Beam, Clevis, Jointer Standard and Wheel Standard will be STEEL, and its mold board will be a composition of Steel and Iron chilled under a process for which we have also obtained an exclusive Patent. It will be called

THE SYRACUSE
CHILLED STEEL PLOW

Its weight will be eighteen pounds less than our present styles.

A first-class Steel Plow, made in the ordinary way, full rigged, retails for twenty-two dollars. Inferior Steel Plows retail from sixteen to nineteen dollars.

The price of our new Plow will be but **Seventeen Dollars,** and it will be the cheapest Agricultural Implement ever sold.

Its mold board will outwear three of the very best kinds of the ordinary steel mold boards.

It will scour in soils where all steel plows and all other plows have hitherto proved a failure.

With this Plow will be introduced a corrugated Plow Point and Jointer Point, on which we have also obtained a Patent, and which is also a great improvement, both as regards strength and wear.

The Jointer can be shifted so as to take more or less land, and also more or less pitch, and it can always be kept on a line with the Plow.

The wheel will run under the beam or one side of it as desired, and always kept in line.

The beam is adjustable for Spring or Fall Plowing, and also for two or three horses.

The handles can be adjusted to accommodate a man or boy, on the same Plow.

It is a perfect Plow.

Wooden beams are going out of use because they shrink, swell and warp, and never run two seasons alike.

Iron beams are too heavy.

Malleable beams become demoralized and bend, which is much worse than to break.

A Steel beam is the necessity of the day. It is three times as strong and very much lighter than any other style.

When *we* say a Mold board is chilled, the farmers know it is so.

We do not palm off on them a composition of various metals and call it chilled metal.

We want agents for this new Plow in every town in this State.

We can give but a very small discount to them, but we will pay the Railroad Freight.

We propose to place this Plow in the hands of Farmers as near the cost of manufacture as possible.

It will be the *best* Agricultural Implement ever sold.

It shall also be the *cheapest.*

Persons therefore who are not willing to act as agents on the principle that "a nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling," need not apply for an agency.

No Plows on commission. All sales absolute.

☞ This is the only Steel Chilled Plow in the World.

Steel costs several times more than Iron.

But this Plow, full rigged, by giving small discounts, can be sold for Seventeen Dollars. Compare this price with that of any Iron Plow ever made.

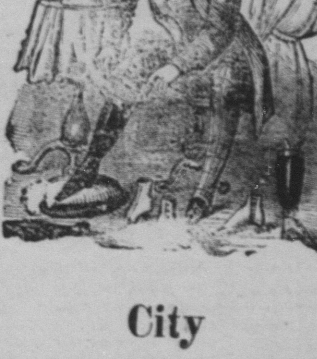
It is cheaper than any other Plow now made would be at five dollars and a half.

Where there are no agents we will, on receipt of Seventeen Dollars, send a Plow to any Railroad station in the State and pay the freight. Address,

SYRACUSE CHILLED PLOW CO.
Syracuse, N. Y.
6r

GET GOOD BREAD,
By calling at the new and extensive bakery establishment of
JOSEPH CEDARS,
who has removed to A. Kauth's old stand on Bishop street where he furnishes every day
Fresh Bread,
Cakes of all kinds,
Pies, etc., etc.,
Candies,
Spices,
Nuts,
Fruits.

Anything and everything belonging to the business. Having had years of experience in the business, he flatters himself that he can guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.
30 aug tf JOSEPH CEDARS.



City
BOOT & SHOE
STORE,
Opposite the Brockerhoff House.

One Price Store!

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

The Cheapest Shoe Store in the county.

Call and examine our goods whether you buy or not.

The finest French Calf Boots and Gaiters made to order in the Conrad House Building.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

SERVE AN INJUNCTION ON DISEASE

By invigorating a feeble constitution, renovating a debilitated physique, and enriching a thin and innutritious circulation with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest, the most highly sanctioned, and the most popular tonic and preventive in existence.

JOHN BLAIR LINN,
Attorney-at-Law
Office on Allegheny St. Bellefonte Pa
27 feb tf

CENTRE CO. FARMERS' HOME.—
THE
BUSH HOUSE.
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Improved Stabling and Careful Hostlers. Low Special Rates for Jurymen and Witnesses. Cleanliness, Comfort and Table unexcelled.

NO DISCRIMINATION

against the Producers of our food, than whom none are more worthy, or more entitled to attention. The Bush House having over three times the capacity of other hotels, there is no occasion or disposition to place the guests in attic rooms. This accounts for its growing Local Trade. We do not trust your horses to the care and profit of parties disconnected with the hotel. D. P. PETERS, Proprietor.
1junetf

HARDWARE,
Jas. Harris & Co.
ARE SELLING VERY LOW
REAPER SECTIONS and
REAPERS,
And all kinds of Farming Tools,
RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES,
SPROUT'S HAY FORKS,
ROPE BLOCKS, ETC.,
As well as all kinds of HARDWARE, to meet all demands in this line,
JAS. HARRIS & CO.
Bellefonte.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best Illustrated family publication in the world. Anyone can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive Outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 18jul y

The Farquhar Separator
(Warranted)
Penna. Agricultural Works, York, Pa.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

CANCER REMOVED WITHOUT Knife, and, in most cases, without pain. Apply to C. P. W. Fischer, M. D., Boalsburg, Centre county, Pa. 24 jul ly

HENRY BOOZER,
CENTRE HALL,
MANUFACTURER OF
Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Whips Flynets, and also keeps on hand Cotton Nets, etc. Prices low as any where else. All kinds of repairing done. The best stock always kept on hand. All work warranted. A share of the public patronage kindly solicited. 1oct, tf

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST
GEISER'S PATENT
SELF-REGULATING
Grain Separator

Cleaner and Bagger, and the
PEERLESS, TRACTION
and
DOMESTIC

STEAM ENGINES,

Manufactured only by GEISER MANUFACTURING Co., Waynesboro, Franklin Co., Pa.

The world challenged for good work. Grain saving, Light and Smooth Running, cleaning perfectly in all kinds of grain—wet or dry. Also the

NOVELTY
HAY & GRAIN RAKE

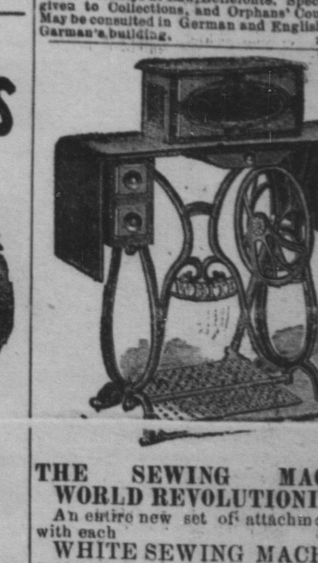
the Best Rake out. Manufactured by S. & G. HAUCK, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

J. A. Fleming,
Agent,
18mar4m CENTRE HALL, PA.

DR S. G. GUTELIUS,
Dentist, Millheim.
Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.
He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my8-73.

HIRES IMPROVED ROOT BEER PACKAGE, 25 CTS. Makes five gallons of a delicious and sparkling beverage,—wholesome and temperate. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Address, CHAS. E. HIRES, Manufacturer, 215 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 26feb6m.

C. T. ALEXANDER. C. M. BOWER
ALEXANDER & BOWER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte. Special attention given to Collections, and Orphans' Court practice. May be consulted in German and English. Office in Garman's building.



THE SEWING MACHINE WORLD REVOLUTIONIZED.

An entire new set of attachments free with each

WHITE SEWING MACHINE

Sold, consisting of Scollop, Binder, Weltcorder, Foldmaker, Dress-trimmer, Holder, two extra presser Feet. Nothing like it has ever been seen—can not be used on any other machine.

The patents on the above named attachments are controlled by this company, and are made under their supervision, in their shops at Cleveland, Ohio.

In connection with the above *Free* with each WHITE Sewing Machine twelve other attachments and of the best in the market. The WHITE is always sold at a living profit.

H. J. BOYER, Ag't,
15ap3m Aaronsburg, Pa.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rs. July 15, 80.

TERMS.—*$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
G. L. GOODHART, Sec'y. W. R. FROM, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Masonic Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. J. J. ARNEY, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after, Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHONE, Sect.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Go to the Bee Hive for your Dry Goods.

—J. Speer Thompson, of Martha, died last week,

—If you are in need of a trunk, any size, you can get a good article cheap at the Standard clothing hall.

—Roland B. Kinne, of Milesburg was appointed by the fraudulent President to be register of the land office at Yakima, Washington Ter.

—Polly Ticks is the leading belle now, and the Philad. Branch the leading clothing house, with cheapest and best goods.

—The population of Mifflinburg is 1168; in 1870 it was 911. Lewisburg 3086; in 1870 it was 3121. We always thought Mifflinburg would enumerate 1600, Centre Hall, not one fourth as old will soon catch up with her.

—Why dress shabby when a suit of clothes can be bought of Goldman at cost? Don't do it, dress decently.

—List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Centre Hall, Pa., July 1st, 1880. Mr. Harvy Houts, 1, Benjamin F. Minick, 1, John Orndorf 1, Mrs. Anna Myers 1, Mrs. Christina Mitzler 1.
J. A. REESMAN, P. M.

—A full line of stoneware, all sizes always on hand at Sechlers. They purchase by the car load which enables them to sell lower than other stores. Remember this important fact.

—Mr. D. I. Pruner, a well known citizen of this county, died at his home in Bellefonte, on Monday evening, 5th. Mr. Pruner had been helpless from paralysis for over a year. His age was about 76 years.

—The French are about to abolish the use of the drum in the army, and have the bugle take its place. Oh, dear, then the only place to buy cheap clothing will be at the Philad. Branch.

—The Beehive has now firmly established itself as the leading store of the county. This was to be foreseen with such enterprising and obliging business men as Messrs. Bauland & Newman. They know how to please customers; sell honest goods, at lowest prices; treat all alike; keep the largest and best variety, always get new goods and latest styles.

—Mr. Ph. B. Stover, writes the REPORTER from Pleasant Valley, Ks: We are all well; had a terrible rain and hail storm on Sunday, June 27, some hail fell that weighed 2½ pounds; a great deal of damage was done throughout the country. A horse was killed by lightning, and a girl badly hurt in town.

—They are selling goods at cost at the Standard clothing hall, opposite the Brockerhoff. Now is the time for a cheap suit.

—Mr. David I. Pruner, an old and respected citizen of Bellefonte, died on Monday evening 5th in his 76th year. Deceased was born in Brush Valley in 1804 and came to Bellefonte with his parents in 1818. In 1826 he was married to Miss Sarah Denny by Rev. James Linn, then pastor of the Presbyterian church. He leaves six children, three sons and three daughters.—Morning News.

—It will not be long until it is too late to get clothing at cost at the Standard clothing hall opposite the Brockerhoff. The Standard is the only house that offers its goods at cost—they wish to settle up business and must get rid of their stock. Do not miss this chance for bargains.

—One day, week before last, a little daughter of Mr. Sampsel, living a short distance west of Linden Hall, was killed by a kick from a horse. The girl, with other children, was near some horses and innocently struck the animals with switches, and a kick upon the forehead of the Sampsel girl was the result from the effects of which she soon died. The same little girl was almost drowned by falling into a well a short time before.

—The Philad. Branch is still ahead for selling clothing 25 per cent. less than any other house. They manufacture all their own suits, hence they sell you reliable goods. Only one price and all goods marked plainly. All treated alike, and guarantee no shoddy sold—honest and square dealing always.

—Mr. David Dale, of the firm ot Dale Brothers, proprietors of the woolen factory at Lemont, met with a terrible accident afternoon of 7th and which will probably prove fatal. By the breaking of a board on which he was walking he was thrown into a vat of boiling hot coloring, and was terribly scalded up to his waist. The unfortunate man suffered intensely from his injuries, and it was reported late last night that he could not live.—Morning News.

—Garfield men, Hancock men, Weaver men, Dow men, and all other men, in Centre county are establishing themselves as patrons of Sechler's grocery, for selling the best, purest, freshest and cheapest groceries in this county of Centre. All good housekeepers know by this time that it pays to deal at Sechlers.

—The first train passed over the Tyrone and Lewisburg railroad on Friday 2. It was a construction train and killed a sheep on its trip. The distance completed is 6 miles, from Tyrone to Warrior's Mark. It would be good news indeed to the people at this end to learn that a sheep had been killed by the cars along here, in fact our people would gladly sacrifice a flock of sheep to have the cars here, in addition to the enormous sacrifices they have made in money and lands upon the violated pledges of railroad officials. A greater wrong was never committed by the Penn'a RR. than to leave our people in the lurch after spending their money and spoiling their lands.

—One pater families asked another the other day: Are you for Hancock? No. Are you for Garfield? No. Are you for Weaver? No. Are you for Neal Dow? No. Then who the deuce do you go for? I always go for Sechler's grocery, and win every time.

—Messrs. Billmeyer & Co. recently received from the timber lands of Smith & Co., in Hartley township, two oak logs of the following dimensions: length, 45 feet; diameter, 47 inches; weight, 13 tons each; val. $90,00 each; will cut four thousand feet board measure each; age 482 years according to the estimate of good lumbermen. These 26 tops of solid oak were about all that two cars cared much about hauling at once. Mr. Smith informs us that there is another "sprout" lying back that is considerably larger than either of these.—Chronicle.

—Farmers who want groceries and other supplies should call on Sechler & Co., for anything in the line of sugars, coffees, teas, spices, new cheese, S. C. hams, S. C. dried beef, breakfast bacon, dried peaches, new prunes hominy and rice, syrups and N. O. molasses, new mackerel, stoneware, queensware, &c., also anything in the line of fresh meats. They are killing stall-fed steers of from 1200 to 1400lbs., and have positively the best meats that are offered for sale in Centre county.

SETTLEMENT NOTICE:—Persons having unsettled accounts with the estate of Dr. D. D. Neff, are earnestly requested to come forward and make settlement as soon as possible as the books will shortly be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.
july 1 3t. BY ORDER OF ADM'RS.

—We have had very warm weather this week.

—Sale of personal property, of H. Witmer, dec'd, July 24.

—Mr. A. Alexander, of Millheim, had another sudden attack of illness. Mr. John Taylor, of Gregg, is also seriously ill.

—If you want to know where to buy some valuable real estate, read the REPORTER.

—Rev. Fischer, of this place had a sudden attack of brain fever on Tuesday evening last week, which caused him to fall from his chair at his home, unconscious. He has been very ill since, with some evidence of improvement.

—Rev. J. K. Miller will preach for Rev. Fischer in the Loop church on next Sabbath morning, and at Centre Hall in the afternoon, at 2.

—Portable sawmills are still thinning out the lumber districts of our valley.

—The valuable real estate belonging to Michael Hettinger's estate is offered for sale in the Reporter.

—Ground is staked off for a new Evangelical church at Coburn station.

—It does not pay to steal clothing when you can buy it at cost at Goldman's, where they are selling off to settle up business.

—Farmers are done harvesting and the grain is nearly all hauled in. The crop is not an average one. The fly, frost, grasshopper and dryness in the spring are the causes.

—We judge our railroad for the last 8 or 10 months has been doing a paying business. Won't the men at headquarters soon see the wrong of leaving it unfinished? Let them waken up and fulfill promises.

—Hurrah for Hancock and the Philad. Branch where you get the best cheapest clothing is the cry of an old veteran up the valley.

—We will enclose bills to those of our patrons who are in arrears for 1879, '78, '77, '76 and farther back, trusting that the responses will be prompt as we have been in serving them faithfully from week to week with a good, readable paper. So make ready.

—At the commencement of Franklin and Marshall College, the Board of Trustees kindly remembered our friend Prof. H. F. Bitner by bestowing the degree of Master of Arts upon him.

—All well regulated household get their groceries at Sechlers, because experience teaches them that they get the purest, freshest and best there. This is true, and besides their stock is the largest and most complete in the county.

—Tanner, the doctor who is trying to prove he can fast 40 days, has got over his 11th day, and seems all right yet.

—We learn that the prospects for a very large number of students at the Penns Valley Institute is so flattering that Prof. Bitner contemplates securing the aid of a prominent teacher who will have charge of the musical department he proposes to establish. His school opens July 26th.

J. C. C. Whaley, Esq., editor of the Lock Haven Democrat, is mentioned in connection with the nomination for Assemblymen of Clinton county. Mr. W., would make a most capable Representative.

—The Philad. Branch keeps no shoddy clothing; its goods are all manufactured by their own house in Philadelphia which enables Lewins to sell genuine clothing for less money than others sell their auction stock and shoddy manufacture.

—The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania State Dental Society will be held at Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa, commencing Tuesday morning, July 27th, at ten o'clock, and continuing three days. Dentists not members and physicians are cordially invited to be present. All sessions open to the public.

—The Pennsylvania State College is fortunate, in having secured for its new President Joseph Shortlidge, A. M., a native of Chester Co., Pa., and for over 20 years a successful teacher, mostly as Principal of Academic Institutions. He comes to the College from Maplewood Institute, Delaware Co., Pa., and takes charge at once. The people of Pennsylvania should send their sons and daughters to this College where they can be as well educated as in the more expensive colleges of the East. Fall session opens August 27th. Tuition free. Send for catalogue to BUSINESS MANAGER, State College, Centre Co., Pa.

—Any republican who will subscribe for the REPORTER, from this date, and pay in advance, can do so on condition that we refund the amount if Hancock does not get at least a quarter of a million majority over Garfield next November. We make this offer in good faith, and invite republicans to avail themselves of it by sending in their names and cash.

—Did you hear the most important news? Goldman, at the Standard clothing hall offers all goods at cost. Act upon this at once if you will save money.

—And to think they do such things in Sacramento. The Record-Union says: The unavoidable attention drawn to a loving couple who attended a fashionable church in this city yesterday prompts the suggestion that young people who persist upon sparking in church should defer the more interesting portions until after the evening service. It's true that love is the basis of religion, but there is a big difference between loving any enemy because the Bible says so, and hugging a girl in church because they cannot wait till the sermon is over.

—Who will be president? Don't know, says one. Who sells cheapest clothing, is the next important question. It is Lewins, at the Philad. Branch, where every body buys.

—People who are troubled with having their fruit stolen, should know that the law provides an effective remedy for such offences. It imposes a fine of not less than $5 nor more than $100 upon every person who shall wilfully enter any orchard or garden and club or otherwise injure any fruit trees, or shall tramp upon or break down grass, grain, vegetables or vines of any kind. The stealing of fruit is declared a misdemeanor, and any person convicted shall be fined not exceeding $50 and be imprisoned not more than sixty days. The same penalty is declared against the stealing or removal of vegetables, plants or ornamental trees or shrubbery. Now boys, you who are in the habit of stealing fruit and trampling down garden truck, remember this.

SPRING MILLS ACADEMY.

The Fall Term of this Institution will open on Monday, July 26, 1880. Locality healthy, board low, and churches convenient. Prof. D. M. Wolf, will continue as principal. 15jul 3t.

PENNSVALLEY INSTITUTE

The Fall Session of this Select School will be opened July 26th 1880. All desiring a thorough English, Classical or Normal education will be accommodated, Tuition from 4 to 8 dollars per session. Boarding from $2 to $2 50 per week. For further information address,
H. F. BITNER, A. M.
15 july 3t. Centre Hall, Pa.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

LIFE OF GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

We are glad to know that the well known publishing house of Hubbard Bros. of Philadelphia, have in preparation and will soon issue the "Life of Gen. Hancock," written by his old-time friend, Hon. John W. Forney. The career of the brilliant soldier who is soon to be transferred to the White House furnishes material for a volume which, in deep and thrilling interest, has rarely been equaled in the annals of American biography. It is fortunate that its preparation has been assigned to Col. Forney, who for twenty-five years has been known as one of the ablest editors and most brilliant writers in America. His known ability, and his personal intimacy with Gen. Hancock, are a sufficient guaranty that the book will be full, complete and authoritative—a volume of permanent value, and in this respect widely different from ordinary campaign literature. It will be sold only by subscription, and must meet with a very large sale.

BAYARD SPEAKES.

Patriotic Words from the Illustrious Delawarian.

Senator Bayard, the noble senator of Delaware made a speech at Wilmington the other day from which we make the following extract:

The Democratic candidate for President is no untried man. On the contrary, I shall show that he has been tried, thoroughly tried, and that he can lay claim to a record that has not fallen to the lot of any other public man of his time. [Applause.] In 1868 he was named by many as the favorite candidate for President, and the delegates from Delaware at that convention, held in New York, balloted for him, if I recollect right. He was also voted for in 1876, and now for the third time he stands conspicuously before the nation, with his every act subjected to the vigor of partisan examination. And how does he stand? Spotless and without reproach, favored by the unanimous voice of the representatives of the party.

Now, gentlemen, let me ask you one thing. Having passed through the fire of examination, let me ask this crowd whether there has been the first breath of suspicion as to the honor, intelligence, fidelity or patriotism of that renowned and great soldier?

Why was he nominated? He never held a civil office. True. He has a military record as briliant, as unsullied, as glorious as any man in America. Why did the Democratic party nominate a military man? I will tell you why. Because this man has proved that God gave him the same characteristics of conscience and of self-control which he gave to the great George Washington. My friends, this is not the extreme utterance of a stump speech. It is the deliberate utterance of a man struggling to see the right and to follow it.

Since this world was there has been no influence so dangerous and corrupting to men's hearts as love of power. What was free government designed for but for the protection of the minority against the majority? The great difficulties and dangers to liberty have arisen wherever men intrusted with power have used it to perpetuate their own sway and bring about tyranny instead of limited government. We know what made Washington so conspicuous when he laid down his power and retired to the privacy of his home. There are many men as great as he in military knowledge and in the abilities of statesmanship, but how many other men would have voluntarily laid down their power when they could have used it for their own selfish, tyraninacal purposes? I wish you to comprehend this, because it is the keynote to the nomination of Winfield Scott Hancock. He held great power. He was military Governor of a large extent of country. His will could have been as law. At his pleasure stood the liberty of every man. What was his course—his course alone of all the military Governors in this country for the last fifteen years?

When asked in Louisiana and Texas to arrest persons he inquired where was the judicial process. When asked to try persons by military commissions he pointed to the court-house and to the jury of twelve. When asked to fine men and to take from them their property he demanded to know by what right under civil laws he could do these things. (Cries of "Bravo.")

There have been soldiers perhaps as able, perhaps as courageous, and that is saying a great deal; but name me one who has refused over and over again to exercise arbitrary power when he could have done so. (A voice, "None.") No, you can't name one. I have seen distinguished men, educated wholly in the Republican party, giving advice to the most arbitrary character that can be conceived; but where can you find a man who has had the chalice brought to his lips that he might drink full of control over his fellow creatures and who you have seen put it aside and say: "I am a military man; I am an American soldier, but I am a citizen with respect to the law which is the Constitution I swore to support?"

We saw the Legislature of South Carolina organized at the will of a corporal without any guard. You all know what was seen in Louisiana. I do not propose to go over these recollections in detail nor to cite the unlawful exercises of military power; but I desire to show what was the character of the distinguished man whom the Democrats have nominated during the time of the current of tyranny. The great lesson to be derived from the resistance made to the tyranny of King George is the lesson I would hold up to you now. One of the charges against that potentate was that he attempted to subordinate the civil to the military power. Any man that attempts that is not fit to be a ruler of men. The man of our choice echoes the same spirit that made our people free in '76 and which will only restore and consolidate that freedom in 1880. Do you not remember that his power was as ample, that he had the same organization, administration, or whatever you choose to call it, that other generals had? Compare him with the New Orleans General who besought the President to issue that proclamation of outlawry—the proclamation declaring that the white man of Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas and Georgia shall be outlaws—"and leave the rest with me." Such was the despatch, I shame to say, of a major-general—aye, a lieutenant-general—of the army of the United States. And from the Cabinet at Washington was sent the response: "We will approve of your action." These names have passed into history covered with lasting reproach, for Belknap, who wrote that despatch, proved a base rogue, as treacherous to the money of America as to the principles of liberty. This was the principle—this is today the great underlying principle of the two great parties. During the struggle from 1861 to 1865 there was little law and could be no law but force, but the difficulty has been that power obtained by force has been sought to be retained by force.

It was attempted at Chicago to renominate a man who typified nothing but brute force and arbitrary powers—(applause)—but the attempt failed because there were other machines—machines of the lobby, machines of railway management—and between them they quarrelled and finally dropped upon a comparatively unknown delegate in the convention. (Applause and laughter.

I have been a representative in Congress for the last twelve years and know whereof I speak. But first I wish to say that I do not impeach the patriotism of those men that differ with me and hold that the safety of the country is best preserved by the Republican party, but I wish them and you to see where that party would carry us should it remain in power. By force the war was ended, and when it was ended a reign of peace should have taken its place, but love of power was there and, unlike Washington and Hancock, men were unwilling to give it up, and so there has been a struggle between the kindness and love of union of the American people—their disposition to forget and forgive—on the one hand, and the desire of the Republican party to maintain control by any means on the other hand.

See how they have centralized power. We are all citizens of Delaware and the United States. Why, after the experience of one hundred years, should we not be trusted to conduct our own elections? I only mention this as one of the steps the Republicans took to maintain power.

In 1876 there were very nearly three hundred thousand more votes cast for the Democratic than for the Republican candidate. Not only was there a popular majority at the polls, but a majority of some twenty electoral votes. What was done? The Cabinet at Washington controlled by the military spirit of a merely military man—a man who never laid down power willingly—sent troops under a suggestion of the Secretary of the interior, the late Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, and he had a willing aid in Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War. At their bidding armed forces without a word of protest from any quarter, among the officers in command, but with the ready alacrity of the General of the Army, were sent to Columbia, Tallahassee and New Orleans to protect three boards of canvassing officers in a deliberate perversion of the results of popular election.

What was the course of the two great parties of the parties of the country at that time? It is a fearful thing to live under a government that we do not respect. The Democratic party looked upon the shameful work of fraud and force. What was to be done? Before I went to Washington—and a sadder man never went there—(cry of "God bless you" and applause)—I was anxious to know how a merciful God would enable us to escape the overhanging cloud.

The tribunal to purge the election of its frauds was decided upon. Patriotic representatives did not ask whether that act was popular or not, but determined that confusion should not come upon the land if their straightforwardness and tenacity of purpose would prevent it.

The whole country was relieved of the apprehension of confusion. A candidate was named to succeed Mr. Hayes in his ill-gotten place. I am opposed to everything that tends to perpetuate a government in disregard of the people. What argument did General Grant use? The only one he ever knew and ever obeyed—the bayonet. When we were assembled deliberating for a peaceful result, not in Mexican fashion of upsetting, but in the American fashion of reasoning, what was the course of the Administration? To assist? Oh, no. One-third of the army was in that city and more than one-half of it twelve miles distant, and in case of any disturbance the Government was to be seized and held. Where was Garfield then and what part did he take? for we are told that he has a civil record. (Laughter and applause.) He said you have the army, you have the navy, you have the Treasury, you have the Executive, and then (he is credited with this language, which I believe he used), he added, "if you had such cards as these wouldn't you play them?" Gambling with the destiny of the nation!

Mr. Garfield is a distinguished man. He has fine ability, He is intelligent and cultivated. So much the greater reason for the country to demand from him high patriotism, and so much the worse for him if he proves the want of subordination of partisan feelings and disposition to the country's interests.

When we were striving our best, when thirteen out of fourteen joined in signing that bill—all of them, except O. P. Morton, who preferred a confusion in which the Republicans could prolong their administration and a new tenure of power to him and his associates—at this time Garfield used his fine powers against that measure of wisdom. He declared there was no warrant for it under the Constitution, and then, strange to say, he went upon the committee and swore to execute its powers. I leave it to him to explain his conduct—I leave it to any one to explain it.

If for the last four years you have been in peace, if you have been at liberty to attend your daily avocations and build up fortunes, do not thank the men who preferred the mailed hand of Ulysses Grant to lawful rule. Garfield is no unknown man. He has a long record. He has been long a leader among the advocates of force bills, suspension of habeas corpus, military usurpation and every other means resorted to by his party to prolong their power. There has not been a measure tending to exalt the military above the civil power, not a question tending to create animosity between the sections, in which James A. Garfield was not on the same side. All this we propose to end by placing in power a man who, although a distinguished soldier, never forgot that his citizenship was a higher distinction. (Applause.)

The logic of Hancock is that the civil power is above the military. Sectionalism should not be allowed as a party cry. What is called the bloody shirt must be folded up forever, and the American people should be brought together as one people, with one government and with equal right and affection towards it. These are the logical results and he has been tried. If, as a Major General, he has done this, would he do otherwise as President? Remember that Hancock not only earned his great renown by refusing arbitrary power when offered him, but he also incurred the animosity of those whose purposes he refused to carry out and who could make his position in the army an uncomfortable one. Unfortunately there has been too much of this partisan feeling in the army and the navy, and men to gain promotion have had to do so at the expense of independence and by covering themselves with partisan clothing. I have reason to know of the case of an officer who incurred the displeasure of President Grant and who asked in vain for a reason until a leading Republican Senator told him that he had been indiscrete in dining and wining with certain Democrats. (Laughter.) It is this spirit that is dangerous to the army; to the navy and to us all. When this spirit—the spirit of Sheridan's despatch—prevails why then, the army changes from being the beloved servants of the nation into a very great danger.

Hancock is more than a true soldier. As a citizen he values his right and power above his right and power as a soldier. If you ask me why I love Hancock I say because I know that with him the liberty of my country will be safe. (Applause and cheers.) He has proved it. His life is today the most brilliant example—(interrupting voice away back in the crowd: "Except yourself")—that we have among our military men. I do not say that there are none so brave, so able as he, but I do say that none have been so tried as he and proved himself to possess the lofty self-control which induced the laying down of power at the command of conscience. This is why I claim he should be sustained all over the land.

TYRONE'S DISASTROUS BLAZE.

Tyrone, Blair county, July 8.—About three o'clock yesterday morning a fire broke out in the stable of the City Hotel, Tyrone, and spread rapidly to the adjoining buildings. The fire department was unable to cope with the flames, and in a short time the Tyrone Bank building, Blair County Bank building, City Hotel, both printing offices and about fifteen other business places, postoffice, six private dwelling houses, together with nine horses in stable of City Hotel, with a number of wagons and carriages had been destroyed. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

THE LOSSES.

The losses enumerated are as follows: Templeton, Crawford & Co., dry goods, stock and building, $2,000, insured; John and Isaac Crawford, store room and dwelling, 10,000, insured; Smith & Gray, groceries, $500, insured; J. B. Stewart, shoe stock, $200, insured; Mrs. S. G. Black stationery, $50, insured; James Owens, house, $3,000, insured; John D. Stewart, store and bank building, $10,000, insured; Blair County Bank, $500, insured; City Hotel, damaged to extent of $1,500, insured; Charles wooden, furniture, horses, etc., $5,000, insured; *Herald* Printing Office and building, $15,000, insured; D. B. Wilson, stationery, $800, insured; Tyrone Bank, $500, insured; P. Flynn, Bank building and Opera House, $20,000 insured; Caldwell, Insurance Agent, $300; Postoffice, $100; P. Sneeringer, tobacco, stock, store-room and dwelling, $15,000 partly insured; J. O. Hamilton, $500, insured; Vanvalzah, Wilson & Co., dry goods, $8,000, insured; Memminger & Stewart, merchant tailor, stock and building, $20,000 insured; J. P. Walker, jewelery, loss on store and property, $5,000, only slight insurance.

For the CENTRE REPORTER.

THE SEVENTH JUBILEE OF THE AUGSBURG CONFESSION.

The Augsburg Confession was adopted Friday, 3 p. m., June 25, 1530, at Augusta or Augsburg, in Germany, The 25th of June, 1880, is, therefore, the Seventh Semi-Centennial of the A. C. Melancthon wrote it; Luther, who was at Coburg, not far off, supplied the material and Bayer read it. He read it with a loud voice, so the whole Diet and a large part of the town could hear it. It was written in both Latin and German, but read in German. It consists of two parts, the 1st part, 21 Articles, contains a representation of the *opinions* of Protestants, and the 2nd part, 7 Articles, contain the errors and abuses which caused them to separate from the Church of Rome. It is *emphatically* the Religion of Protestants, of whom there are nearly 100,000,000; 50,000,000 of which are Lutherans, or belong to the Church of the *Augsburg Confession* In as much as many hard battles have been fought around this antique Confession, it may subserve a good purpose briefly to examine its contents at this its Sabbatic year of Jubilee.

THINGS NOT CONTAINED IN THE AUGSBURG CONFESSION.

The Augsburg Confession does not teach;

1. That the Church must save us from sin.
2. That the Church consists of the Priest-hood and Sacraments.
3. That the Church has the power to forgive sins.
4. That the Church must expound the word of God. That the Priest must read the Bible and explain it for the people.
5. That the Sacraments by their own force, as an *opus operatum*, have a saving effect.
6. That Baptism regenerates the child, or that the pardon of sin is conditioned by Baptism.
7. That the Lord's Supper nourishes the divine germ implanted in Baptism and developes it to manhood or womanhood in Christ.
8. That grace is conferred and not simply offered in the Sacraments. *Dargereicht und nicht dargeboten*—that man is saved in the concrete, in the mass, without *individually* doing or experiencing anything.
9. How Christ is present in the Eucharist.
10. To sum up, the Augsburg Confession does not teach Symbolism. Symbolism is not Protestantism. It abominates the name. Symbolism is opposed to Spiritual worship. It constantly appeals to sense. It is objective, sensuous and sentimental. It is a doctrinal paradox. The practice of it involves the acceptance of two conflicting systems, viz; The Sacrificial and the Spiritual.

1, Historically; 2, Doctrinally; 3, Devotionally, and 4, Practically, Symbolism antagonizes with Spiritual worship. It disturbs our peace. It discovers ignorance of our Church history, doctrines, Spirit, &c. It obstructs the work of the gospel. It exposes the Church to the critical censure of the world. It deludes our youth. It works for Rome. It madly forfeits a golden opportunity of doing good. Now the Augsburg Confession *fairly* interpreted does not teach any of the above mentioned imputations.

THINGS THE AUGSBURG CONFESSION DOES CONTAIN.

It contains the Cardinal principles of Protestants:

1. The divine inspiration, authority and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.
2. The duty and right of private judgement in the interpretation of the Scriptures.
3. The unity of the God-head and the Trinity of persons therein.
4. The utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the Fall.
5. The incarnation of the Son of God, His atonement, mediatorial intercession and reign.
6. The justification of sinners by the grace of God alone, by faith in Christ alone.
7. The work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner.
8. The immortality of the soul, the Resurrection of the body, the judgement of the World by Jesus Christ with the Eternal blessedness of the Righteous and Eternal punishment of the wicked.
9. The divine Institution of the Christian ministry, the obligation and perpetuity of the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper.
10. In short, an evangelical system, or Body of Divinity. It is highly proper, therefore, that every fifty years its adoption should be celebrated with becoming respect and gratitude. The Protestant world should think of this important epoch with thankfulness and pleasure.

THE CARDINAL PRINCIPLES OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.

The Lutheran Church is the Church of the Augsburg Confession. It will, therefore, be in point to state what are her fundamental principles. They are:

1. Man's only guide to Heaven, an open Bible.
2. Private judgement man's inalienable birth-right.
3. Christ and Him crucified man's only Savior.
4. Faith in Christ man's only availing Righteousness.

Gottes Wort und Luther's Lehr,
Vergeht nun und nimmer mehr.

J. T

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A CRAZED WOMAN'S MURDERS.

Sending Three of Her Children to Heaven by Cutting Their Throats as They Slept.

At 3.30 a. m. yesterday James O'Connor, living on the top floor of No. 42 Water avenue, Jersey City Heights, ran out into the street crying murder and calling for an officer, Policeman Harris and several neighbors accompanied O'Connor to his rooms. On the kitchen floor they found a two-year-old child with its throat cut. In a crib in the bedroom were two children, one eight and one four years old, with their throats cut. All three were dead. Mary O'Connor, the mother, was standing by a table with a razor in her hand. O'Connor told the officer incoherently that he had been sleeping on a mattress by the side of the crib and near the window. His wife and the two-year-old baby slept in the bed at the other side of the room. Two children, David, eight years old, and Francis, four years old, occupied the crib. Two elder children slept in another room. About 3.20 o'clock O'Connor was awakened by hearing one of the children cry, and supposing it wanted a drink of water went out in the kitchen to get it. On his way back he stumbled over his murdered two-year-old baby, and running to the other room found the two other children dead in the crib. Then he ran out into the street crying murder, Mrs. O'Connor was arrested and County Physician Converse was telegraphed for. He tried to determine the woman's mental condition. She gave coherent and prompt answers to all his questions, but it was not until she was being removed to the County Jail, after an examination in the Police Court, that she seemed to realize what she had done. Dr. Converse asked her where her children were and she promptly answered, "They are dead. I killed them with a razor." She said the baby had been sick and she had no means to provide for it. She herself had been suffering a long time from malaria, and had had frequent headaches. When she was arraigned in court later she was so weak and nervous from illness and excitement that she was unable to walk without assistance. A formal complaint of murder was made against her by Police Captain McKaig. She confessed indifferently that she had killed her three children.

"Why did you kill them?" asked Judge Peloubet.

"Because I wanted to send them to heaven."

"Did you ever think of killing them before last night."

"No sir."

At this point Captain McKaig handed to the Judge a large carving-knife which had been found concealed under the mattress on which the woman's husband slept Justice Peloubet asked the prisoner what she had intended to do with the knife and why she concealed it.

"I went first and got the knife," she answered unhesitatingly, "but I was afraid it was not sharp enough, so then I hit it and went and got the razor." It was locked in a desk in the bedroom and the key was hanging on a nail in the kitchen.

"You must have gone very quietly about it," remarked the Judge.

"Indeed I did. I did it very quietly indeed."

"Madam do you realize that you have committed murder?"

"I do."

"Are you sorry for what you have done?"

"I am sorry, I am sorry, but I couldn't help it," exclaimed the woman, and then she burst into a fit of sobbing and crying which lasted for some time. Judge Peloubet committed her to the county jail. Mrs. O.Connor's neighbors say she is an industrious, hard-working woman and her extreme affection for her children was a marked trait in her character. The general opinion is that she was rendered temporarily insane by her illness. O'Conner is a carpenter, and they were wretchedly poor. Mrs. O'Conner is a sister of John and Patrick Whelihan, contractors. Two years ago John was Street Commissioner of Jersey City. James O'Conner says that when the Police asked his wife why she had killed her children, she replied, "He calls them devils, and now they are in heaven." His wife, he said, had been suffering from chronic dyspepsia for several years.

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Senator Barnum was unanimously reelected chairman of the Dem. Nat. Com. Senator Wallace not being a candidate.

MARRIED.

On the 6th of June, at Centre Hall, Pa., by Rev. S. W. Roeder, Mr. Israel J. Zubler to Miss Mary Jane Tibbens, both of Gregg township, Centre Co., Pa.

DIED.

On 9th in Millheim, of consumption, Samuel H. Moyer, aged 40 years, 11 months and 27 days.

At her residence in Lewisburg, Pa., on Monday evening, June 28th, Mrs. Ann E., wife of Rev. Samuel H. McDonald, and mother of General James A. Beaver, in the 69th year of her age.

On the 24th of June, near Jacksonville, this county, Joseph Bechtel, aged 72 years, 11 months and 27 days.

On 1st inst., at Farmers Mills, Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of Wm. Smith, aged 1 year, 6 months and 6 days.

On the 30, ult., Mrs. Amelia Agnes Klinefelder, of Potter twp., aged 18 years, 11 months and 18 days.

On 5, at Centre Hall, Mrs. Mary Kennedy, aged 27 years.

On the 3rd ult., Mr. Henry Witmer, of Centre Hall, aged 81 years, 11 months and 11 days.

Mr. Witmer was born in Lebanon Co., Pa., on the 22 of July 1798. He was the youngest of ten children and the sole surviver of the family for more than two years. He was a son of Peter Witmer, a farmer, and for some years worked at the trade of saddler in the town of Lebanon, from there he moved to Aaronsburg in this county, in the spring of 1828, and engaged in the hotel and saddler business for a short time. He then moved on a farm, adjoining that town, part of which is now owned by John H. Musser, where he remained for a few years after which he returned to the same hotel, continued saddling and opened a general country store. In a few years he abandoned the saddling business continuing the hotel and store until the spring of 1846 when he moved to buildings he had erected the year before on the site now known as Centre Hall, where he opened a hotel and store, thus laying the foundation of our now pleasant village. In 1852 he disposed of his store and in 1855 of the hotel, when he retired to private life in this place.

Notwithstanding his long life and severe attacks of sickness he was known to be a very active and energetic man until September 1876 when he received a severe attack of paralysis, although being confined to the house for the greater part of the time, since that and at the same time suffering from cancer in the face he bore all patiently until June 15, when he received another severe stroke which confined him to his bed. From that time he was almost entirely helpless and suffered intense pain until his death.

Mr. Witmer was a member of the Reformed church and held the office of elder for 14 years.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat old $1.00	New. 90c
Rye, 65c	
Corn, ears, per bu. 40 c.	
Corn old. 40c.	
Oats, 30c.	
Buckwheat, 50c.	
Cloverseed, $3.00 to $3 75	
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00	
Flour, per bbl $6.00	
Butter, 14c.	
Tallow, 6c.	
Lard, 6c.	
Ham, 10c.	
Shoulders, 7c.	
Bacon or side, 7c.	
Eggs per doz., 12c.	

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

ESTRAY.—One 2 year old heifer, red and white spotted, also two 1-yearling calves, both red, have been on the premises of the undersigned since 1st of June. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs, and remove the same
15july 3t. AARON DURST.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned on the Estate of Henry Witmer, of Centre Hall, dec'd., all persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present them duly authenticated without delay for settlement:
ISAAC O. SMITH, Sugar Valley.
WM. B. MINGLE, Centre Hall.
15july 6t. Executors.

ESTRAY, Came to the premises of the undersigned, five stray shoats. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same.
22 june 3 t J. A. GROVE.

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of Wm. H. Ruble in Potter twp., on 9th of June, eight sheep and twelve lambs; all have left ear slit and right ear cut off. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same.
JAS. B. LEE.
july 1 3t. Town Clerk.

CAUTION.—The undersigned cautions all persons against the purchase or negotiation of the following notes: Note dated sometime in April 1879, for $150,00, given by William Homan, R. S. Smith and M. L. Rishel, note dated either in July or August, 1877 or 1878 for $40, given by John Emerick, these notes having been stolen from the undersigned, the above caution is given.
Gregg twp, June 26, 1880.
july 1 3t. CATHERINE RISHEL.

MILLHEIM CEMETERY—APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to a law judge of Centre county on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1880 under the act of assembly approved April 29th, 1874, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Millheim Cemetery Association," the object of which is to purchase real estate and improve the cemetery for the purpose of sepulture. CLEMENT DALE,
jun24 Solicitor for Applicants.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The MILLER FARM, better known as the OLD COLEBURN FARM, is now offered at sale, situated in the Spruce Creek Valley, joining the town of Franklinville and close the turnpike, leading from Spruce Creek to Penna Furnace, 4½ miles from Penna Railroad, Spruce Creek Station, Huntingdon Co., Pa. Farm CONTAINS 125 ACRES and 100 perch. Lime stone land, in a good state of cultivation, as the undersigned not long since did with the help of a boy raise seven hundred bushels of wheat in a single year, on the farm and can do the same again. The farm is well clovered, five bushels of cloverseed have been sowed since last harvest. The BUILDINGS ARE A FIRST-CLASS, NO. ONE HOUSE with two good cellars thereunder, a tenant house, large BANK BARN lately roofed, wagon shed with corn cribs, carriage and tool house, graneries in both barn and wagon shed, all of which command a nice view of the town of Franklinville and turnpike for near one mile. There is a never failing spring of water which supplies both house and barn with an abundance of water, also cistern in yard of each house; a good Orchard of choice fruit of all kinds in good bearing order. Price $6500. Terms easy, $2300 to be paid on or before April 1881 on delivery of deed, balance in $500 payments every second year, interest every year; payments and interest to be made first of June instead of April, which gives purchaser all advantage of the grain market, which payments and interest can all be made on the farm. If you want a good home delay no time. Possession given April 1881. Come and see, or address the undersigned,
D. R. MILLER,
Franklinville, P. O.
17jun 4t. Huntingdon Co., Pa.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at Public Sale, by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Michael Hettinger, dec'd, in Gregg twp., on
Saturday, July 31, 1880,
the following real estate:—A VALUABLE FARM, containing 104 ACRES more or less, in Gregg twp., bounded on the north by land of James Gentzel, James Hettinger and others, east by lands of James Hanna, south by land of Michael Decher's estate, and west by John Sweetwood, thereon erected a TWO STORY DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN, summer house, smoke house, large pig-pen, and other outbuildings. There is a good spring of water at the house and a stream of running water at house and barn and a large Orchard of choice fruit on the place; of this tract five acres are good timberland. Another tract mountain land, situate in Potter twp., bounded north, east and south by lands of John Grove and W. B. Mingle, and west by lands of John Shires, CONTAINING 137 ACRES more or less; no buildings. This mountain tract is well timbered with white pine, hemlock, chestnut, pitch-pine, &c. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m.
TERMS.—One third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, one third in one year and the balance in two years with interest from confirmation of sale; said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.
AMELIA HETTINGER,
M. L. RISHEL,
jun24 Administrators.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned on the Estate of George Fowler, late of Haines twp., dec'd, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present them duly authenticated without delay for settlement.
WM. H. HARTER,
jun10 6t. Executor.

PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned one of the Executors of the Estate of Geo. Schmeltzer, dec'd, will offer at private sale, that
Valuable Town Property
situated in the town of Madisonburg, Centre county Pa., consisting of six ¼ acre lots, a SPLENDID DWELLING House, good stable, all necessary outbuildings, choice fruit on the premises, and all the conveniences of a pleasant home, also a tract of woodland about 1 mile northeast of said town, containing about one hundred acres, well timbered with oak, pine and chestnut. Known as the property of George Schmeltzer, dec'd.
ADAM SHAFER, Jr.,
20may 3m Executor.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

—AT THE—

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

WE ARE SELLING OUR

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

FOR LESS THAN COST OF MANUFACTURING.

LOOK AND COMPARE PRICES.

Full Suits, formerly $4.50 at 3 50
" " " 5.50 at 4.00
" " " 9.00 at 7.50

Full Suits, formerly $6.25 at 5.00
" " " 7.50 at 6.00
And all Goods in proportion.

COME AND SEE! COME AND SEE! COME AND SEE!

WE ARE BOUND TO SELL ALL OUR GOODS TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR GRAND FALL AND WINTER STOCK. DONT MISS THE CHANCE AS WE ARE NOT FOOLING. DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, OPPOSITE REYNOLD'S OPERA HOUSE

29Jan

SAMUEL LEWINS, Manager.
ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

DINGES' THE PLACE FOR BARGAINS.

Just received from NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA at Dinges new stand, Centre Hall, a FULL LINE OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, &c. LADIES DRESS GOODS, EVERY STYLE, LARGE STOCK OF NOTIONS, FRESH LINE OF GROCERIES, ALL NEW. WOOD AND WILLOW WARE. COAL OIL, TWO KINDS. DRIVING WHIPS, A FINE ASSORTMENT.

Large Stock of WALL PAPER, Varied assortment of Tobaccos—all very Low.

Determined to do business by selling cheap and offering bargains to all, he asks a share of the public patronage, at his new and enlarged Store.
29ap 3m. C. DINGES.

HARDWARE!

WILSON, M'FARLANE & CO.

NEW GOODS---PANIC PRICES.

STOVES HEATERS RANGES

We would especially call attention to the

Highland Queen Cook Stove,

—AND THE—

WELCOME HOME HEATING STOVE.

Our Stock being entirely New. We offer special Bargains in HARDWARE, OILS and PAINTS.

WE CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD.

WILSON, M'FARLANE & CO.,
HUMES' BLOCK, BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Now is the Time!

A NEW STOCK.

AT

Wolf's Stand.

DRY GOODS

OF

Every Description

SUCH AS

DOMESTICS, DRESS GOODS EMBROIDERIES, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS. LADIES' READY-MADE SUITS, PARASOLR, UMBRELLAS, FANCY GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, ETC., ETC,

ALSO

A LARGE STOCK OF

GROCERIES

HARDWARE,

CARPETS,

ETC., ETC.,

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 15july 1y.

J. ZELLER & SON DRUGGISTS,

No. 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte Penn'a.

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may13 72

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds Mortgages, &c. Office in the diamond, north side of the court house, Bellefonte. oct22 69tf

PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

RECEIVE DEPOSITS and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.
WM. WOLF WM. B. MINGLE
Pres't Cashier

BEST business now before the public, You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 15july 1y.

HENRY BROCKERHOFF. J. D. SHUGERT
President. Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.

(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
Receive Deposits,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Notes,
Buy and Sell
Government Securities, Gold & Coupons.
10ap68tf

PENNSYLVANIA RR.

Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, May 30 1880, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD
ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia 11 55 p m
" " Harrisburg 4 25 a m
" " Williamsport 8 35 a m
" " Jersey Shore 9 07 a m
" " Lock Haven 9 40 a m
" " Renovo 11 00 a m
" arr at Erie 7 55 p m
NIAGARA EX. leaves Phila. 9 00 a m
" " Harrisburg 12 20 p m
" arr at Williamsport 3 15 p m
" " Lock Haven 4 20 p m
" " Renovo 5 40 p m
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia 11 50 a m
" " Harrisburg 3 35 p m
" arr at Williamsport 7 25 p m
" " Lock Haven 8 40 p m
EASTWARD.
PACIFIC EX leaves Lock Haven 6 45 a m
" " Jersey Shore 7 15 a m
" " Williamsport 7 55 a m
" arr at Harrisburg 11 40 a m
" " Philadelphia 3 15 p m
DAY EX. leaves Renovo 9 50 a m
" " Lock Haven 11 10 a m
" " Williamsport 12 20 p m
" arr at Harrisburg 2 40 p m
" " Philadelphia 6 40 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Renovo 8 40 p m
" " Lock Haven 9 50 p m
" " Williamsport 11 10 p m
" arr at Harrisburg 2 45 a m
" " Philadelphia 7 40 a m
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport 12 35 a m
" arr at Harrisburg 3 50 a m
" " Philadelphia 7 40 a m

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Ex. West, Erie Ex. West, Philadelphia Express East, and Day Ex. East and Sunday Ex. East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.
WM A. BALDWIN, General Superintendent

Lewisb'rg, Centre & Spruce Creek RR

WESTWARD.

LEAVE	1 A.M.	3 P.M.	5 P.M.
Montandon	7.00	1.55	6.20
Lewisburg	7.15	2.20	6.35
Coburn	9.25	—	—
Arr. at Spring Mills	9.50	—	—

EASTWARD.

LEAVE	2 A.M	4 A.M.	6 P M
Spring Mills		10.10	
Coburn		10.35	
Lewisburg	6.35	12.45	5.45
Arr. at Montandon	6.50	1.00	6.00

Nos 1 and 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail, west on the Philadelphia and Erie R. R.

Nos. 3 and 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.

Nos. 5 and 6 with Fast Line west.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

ABSOLUTELY AND CHEMICALLY PURE.

ARM AND HAMMER BRAND.

CHURCH & CO'S BI-CARB. SODA.

AND

SALERATUS

Which is the same thing.

Impure Saleratus or Bi-Carb Soda (which is the same thing) is of a slightly dirty white color. It may appear white, examined by itself, but a COMPARISON WITH CHURCH & CO'S "ARM AND HAMMER" BRAND will show the difference.

See that your Saleratus and Baking Soda is white and PURE, as should be ALL SIMILAR SUBSTANCES used for food.

A simple but severe test of the comparative value of different brands of Soda or Saleratus is to dissolve a dessert spoonful of each kind with about a pint of water (hot preferred) in clear glasses, stirring until all is thoroughly dissolved The deleterious insoluble matter in the inferior Soda will be shown after settling some twenty minutes or sooner, by the milky appearance of the solution and the quantity of floating flocky matter according to quality.

Be sure and ask for Church & Co.'s Soda and Saleratus and see that their name is on the package and you will get the purest and whitest made. The use of this with sour milk, in preference to Baking Powder, saves twenty times its cost.

See one pound package for valuable information and read carefully.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER.

MUSTAPHA.

How He Took His Vacation and What Came of It.

Now in the sixth month of the reign of the good caliph, it was so that Mustapha said: "I am wearied with much work, thought, care and worry have worn me out; I need repose, for the hand of exhaustion is upon me, and death even now lieth at the door."

And he calleth his physician, who felt his pulse and looked upon his tongue and said:

"Twodollars!" (For this was the oath by which all physicians swore.) "Of a verity thou must have rest. Flee unto the valley of quiet and close thine eyes in dreamful rest; hold back thy brain from thought and thy hand from labor, or you will be a candidate for the asylum in three weeks."

And he heard him and went out and put the business in the hands of the clerk, and went away to rest in the valley of quiet. And he went to his Uncle Ben's, whom he had not seen for lo! these fourteen years. Now, his Uncle Ben was a farmer and abode in the valley of rest, and the mountains of repose rose round about him. And he was rich and well favored, and strong as an ox, and healthy as an onion crop. Oftimes he boasted unto his neighbors that there was not a lazy bone in his body, and he swore that he hated a lazy man.

And Mustapha wist not that it was so.

But when he reached his Uncle Ben's they received him with great joy, and placed before him a supper of homely viands, well cooked, and piled upon his plate like the wreck of a box car. And when he could not eat it all they laughed him to scorn.

And after supper they sat up with him and talked with him about relatives whereof he had never in all his life so much as heard. And he answered their questions at random, and lied unto them, professing to know Uncle Ezra and Aunt Bethesda, and once he said he had a letter from Uncle George last week.

Now, they all knew that Uncle George was shot in a neighbor's sheep pen three years ago, but Mustapha wist not that it was so, and he was sleepy, and only talked to fill up the time. And then they talked politics to him, and he hated politics! So about one o'clock in the morning they sent him to bed.

Now the spare room wherein he slept was right under the roof, and there were ears and bundles of ears of seed corn hung from the rafters, and he bunged his eye with the same, and he hooked his chin in festoons of dried apples, and shook dried herbs and seeds down his back as he walked along, for it was dark. And when he sat up in bed in the night he ran a scythe in his ear.

And it was so that the four boys slept with him, for the bed was wide. And they were restless and slumbered crosswise and kicked, so that Mustapha slept not a wink that night, neither closed his eyes.

And about the fourth hour after midnight his Uncle Ben smote him on the back, and spake unto him, saying:

"Awake, arise, rustle out of this and wash your face, for the liver and bacon is fried and the breakfast waiteth. You will find the well down at the other end of the cow lot. Take a towel with you."

When they had eaten his Uncle Ben spake unto him, saying: "Come, let us stroll around the farm."

And they walked about eleven miles. And his Uncle Ben sat him upon a wagon and taught him how to load hay. Then they drove into the barn and he taught him to unload it. Then they girded up their loins and walked four miles, even into the forest, and his Uncle Ben taught him how to chop wood, and they walked back to supper. And the morning and the evening were the first day, and Mustapha wished that he was dead.

And after supper his Uncle Ben spake once more and said: Come, let us have some fun." And so they hooked up a team and drove nine miles down to Belcher's branch, where there was a hop. And they danced until the second hour in the morning.

When the next day was come, which wasn't long, for already the night was far spent, his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to make rail fence. And that night there was a wedding, and they danced and made merry, and drank and ate, and when they went to bed at three o'clock Mustapha prayed that death might come to him before breakfast time.

But breakfast had an early start and got there first. And his Uncle Ben took him down to the creek and taught him how to wash and shear sheep. And when the evening was come they went to spelling-school, and they got home at the first hour after midnight, and Uncle Ben marveled that it was so early. And he lighted his pipe and sat up for an hour, and told Mustapha all about the forty he bought last spring of old Mosey Stringer to finish out that north half, and about the new calf that was foaled last spring.

And when Mustapha went to bed that morning he bethought him of a dose of strychnine he had with him, and he said his prayers wearily and he ate it.

But the youngest boy was restless that night, and kicked all the poison out of him in less than ten seconds.

And in the morning, while it was yet night, they ate breakfast. And his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to dig a ditch.

And when evening was come, there was a revival meeting at Ebenezer Methodist church, and they all went. And there were three regular preachers, and two exhorters and a Baptist evangelist. And when midnight was come they went home, and sat up and talked over the meeting until it was bedtime.

Now when Mustapha was at home, he left his desk at the fifth hour in the afternoon, and he went to bed at the third hour after sunset, and he arose not until the sun was high in the heavens. So the next day when his Uncle Ben would take him out into the field and show him to take a post and rail fence, Mustapha would swear at him, and smote him with an axe helve, and fled and got himself home.

And Mustapha sent for his physician and cursed him. And he said he was tired to death, and he turned his face to the wall and died. So Mustapha was gathered to his fathers.

And his physician and his friends mourned and said: "Alas! he did not rest soon enough. He tarried at his desk too long."

But his Uncle Ben, who came in to attend the funeral, and had to do all his weeping out of one eye, because his other was blocked half way down to his chin, said it was a pity, but Mustapha was too awfully lazy to live, and had no get up about him.

But Mustapha wist not what they said, because he was dead. So they divided his property among them, and said if he wanted a tombstone he might have attended to it himself while he was alive, because they had no time.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

An Ingenious Machine.

There has lately been introduced into the Pennsylvania Railroad company's machine shop at Altoona, Pa., a small invention used for separating the iron and brass filings which fall from the lathes. When mixed they are comparatively of little value, but when separated they are worth several cents per pound. The machine for this purpose is about three feet high and two feet square. On top is a hopper into which are emptied the mixed filings of wrought and cast iron and brass. These pass through a trough below and on to a comb which distributes them in a thin even layer on a cylinder. In this cylinder is the mechanism which displays the ingenuity of the inventor. It is well known that a common magnet will attract wrought iron strongly, cast iron slightly and brass not at all. On the inside of the cylinder is a continuous row of magnets. As the mixture of metal falls slowly, the drum revolves and into a box in front the brass filings and bits are dropped, the iron being held by the magnets. Further around is a light brush which sweeps off the cast iron bits into a convenient receptable, while the wrought iron, of which there is very little, adheres in bunches to the drum and has to be cleaned off occasionally. Although there is not constant work for the separator, it has been used considerably, and found to perform its work in a satisfactory manner. It will take a very few weeks to pay for itself in the saving of valuable metal rendered well nigh useless by being mixed with refoign substances.—*American Manufacturer.*

"Oh, pa!" cried a little fellow upon seeing a trout for the first time, "it's got the measles has'nt it?"

Cost of First-Class Bliss in Paris.

It is very expensive to be born in Paris. It costs still more to die here. But to be married here is the most extravagant thing a man can do, unless the bride's pa planks down the money cash, and in legions of Napoleons. Do you think all that is necessary is to get her to say "Yes!" and to slip $100 into Rev. Mr. Walter's hand! Greenhorn! France is a military nation. A French girl's heart is a Sedan, which must be approached by trenches, attacked by siege artillery from behind gabions, mined, then carried by assault. After it is won the winner is allowed to visit the won (the dear one) daily. He gives her on his first visit a gold ring with one (or at most two) very valuable pearls set between two diamonds. The eve of the wedding day he gives her the plain gold ring and a very costly sapphire or ruby or emerald ring. He sends her daily a nosegay of the rarest white flowers tied with costly lace, or with silk ribbon, on which her name is embroidered in silver letters. In aristocratic Romish families the first person to whom the marriage is announced is the pope, who the day of the wedding telegraphs his blessing. If sovereigns or princes of the blood are among the family's acquaintances they are informed by letter, sealed always with red wax; as it is against etiquette to address letters to such persons sealed with black wax. If these regal personages be intimate friends, the bride's father, the mother and betrothed announce the marriage in person to all their friends. The groom in futuro is introduced by them only to grandparents. The parents give their daughter twelve dresses, with stockings, bottines, parasols and bonnets to match. The finest white linen and lace alone are used in the linen. The wedding dress must be of East India muslin or gauze, covered with orange flowers in tufts, in wreaths, in fringes, with a long train of damask. No lac. Three sorts of lace only are in fashion—Valenciennes, Mechlin and Alencon. A mother who has the least self-respect gives her daughter six dozen day shirts of very fine linen, six dozen day shirts of cambric, twelve dozen night shirts, two dozen short petticoats for walking, six ball petticoats of muslin, with a long train, twelve petticoats for robes de chambre. The basket is no longer willow, covered with silk and trimmed with knots of ribbon, but a very costly antique or modern secretary, with every drawer filled with presents, among them a purse full of gold for charity; in some drawers are lace flounces enough to trim two dresses (one black, one white.) velvet enough for two dresses, satin enough for two dresses, fancy goods enough for two dresses; in other drawers are ball fans, drawing-room fans, flasks, workbox, card case, dressing case and all sorts of costly knick-knacks. Pearls are the favorite gems offered; a pearl necklace with five rows costs $100,000—dog cheap. The groom's mother gives diamonds. It is no longer the fashion to display presents given by friends. Cashmere shawls are no longer given—shawls have gone out fashion. Can you wonder marriages are so rare in France when it takes a fortune to enable the groom to reach the bridal altar?—*New Orleans Picayune's Paris Letter.*

Squeaking Boots.

A correspondent tells in the *Musical World* an incident about Rubinstein, the famous pianist. The kind of man who was the occasion of the incident is very well known to all concert-goers. The writer says: It was good to see the genuine enthusiasm he awakened, and to hear the applause and almost acclaim which greeted him as he finished. It was well known that he never responded to an encore, but the evident desire of the audience seemed to touch him a little, and he kindly and graciously came back, and, with almost a smile on his face, began that beautiful "Nocturne" of Chopin's in F sharp. His mood was a very responsive one just then, and he gave to the tender, dreamy thought a new charm. It was a beautiful moment; the player rapt, absorbed; the listeners intensely silent, when suddenly the spell was broken.

The inevitable man with the squeaky boots, who frequents all public entertainments, and who never has the good breeding to sit one out, was here, and just at this impressive moment deemed it his duty to leave. So, during one of the softest and most impressive passages, this individual got up and prepared to travel the whole length of the circular gallery. As soon as he started Rubinstein's face lost its rapt look, and he seemed annoyed; but when the man arrived in the center, opposite him, he could bear it no longer, and taking his hands from the keys, and looking up at the disturber said, in audible German:

"What does that stupid fellow mean by his eternal walking about? It is impossible to play!" and he arose and left the piano. It was a just rebuke.

Where The Islands and Sand-Bars in the Mississippi River Come From.

From a series of daily observations, extending from the early part of February to the latter part of October, 1879, taken at St. Charles, Mo., under the direction of officers of the United States engineer corps, it has been ascertained that the average quantity of earthy matter carried in suspension past that point by the Missouri river, between one foot of the bottom and the surface, amounts to 14,858 pounds per second, or 1,283,721,300 pounds each twenty-four hours. The matter thus carried along weighs, approximately, 100 pounds per cubic foot when dry, giving an average of 72,837,312 cubic feet of earth transported each twenty-four hours during the entire year, enough to cover one square mile with a depth of nearly six inches.

During the months of June and July the average quantity per twenty-four hours amounted to 47,396,448 cubic feet, enough to cover a square mile with a depth of one foot and eight inches. The maximum quantity observed for any twenty-four hours was on July 3, when it reached the enormous amount of 111,067,200 cubic feet, sufficient to cover a square mile to a depth of four feet. These figures do not take into account the material that is held in suspension within the lowest foot of the depth, or that which is being rolled along the bottom. If these quantities could be ascertained with any reasonable limit of approximation to correctness, there is no doubt but they would show an amount far in excess of that which has already been determined.—*Missouri Republican.*

Dog Travel in British America.

For winter travel dogs have hitherto been largely used, as with light loads they are swifter than horses. To drive a team of dogs it is said that one must be able to swear in English, French or Cree, while to be a first-rate dog-driver requires a fluent command of profanity in the three languages. Some years ago a well-known Winnipeg ecclesiastic was making an extended winter trip; the dogs, though frequently whipped, made little progress, so the bishop remonstrated with the driver. That functionary replied that he could not make them go unless he swore at them; absolution was, therefore, given him for the trip, and the dogs, hearing the familiar expletives, trotted along briskly. Dog-driving, however, is passing out of use in the Northwest, as it is becoming much more expensive to keep dogs than it is to keep horses. While buffalo were abundant and every post and wigwam could have unlimited pemmican it was easy for any man to keep a kennel; but as the buffalo are rapidly disappearing, and as the dogs must be fed throughout the whole year while the horses can forage for themselves at all seasons, horses are being used almost entirely on the prairies, except in the more northern districts where game and fish are very abundant.—*Good Words.*

The company that has been experimenting in Florida with palmetto for paper-making purposes has met with such gratifying success that they will erect about twenty paper mills in various parts of the State where palmetto trees grow in abundance, and where the transportation facilities are good. Some English paper manufacturers in Canada have been so influenced by the favorable reports concerning palmetto that they have sent an agent to Florid to ascertain what may be its intrinsic merits.

An unfortunate Indianapolis man, who lost several toes by a car wheel, was consoled by an Irishman near by with: "Whist, there, you're making more noise than mony a man I've see with his head off."

A Pompeiian House.

At the celebration of the eighteenth centennial since the destruction of Pompeii, last year, the excavation of an unexplored house was commenced. Three skeletons were taken out at the time, and the house, the excavation of which has been continued, has proved to be the largest and most interesting yet opened. It is called the "Casa del Centenario," and is thus described:

It occupies the entire space between three streets, and most likely a fourth, which has yet to be excavated. The vestibule is elegantly decorated, and its mosaic pavement ornamented with the figure of a dolphin pursued by a sea-horse. In the first atrium, the walls of which are adorned with small theatrical scenes, the pavement is sunk and broken, as if by an earthquake, and there is a large hole through which one sees the cellar. The second atrium is very spacious, with a handsome peristyle, the columns—white and red stucco—being twenty-six in number. In the center is a large marble basin, within the edge of which runs a narrow step. On the pedestal at one side was found the statuette of the Faun lately described. The most interesting place in the house is an inner court or room, on one side of which is the niche, with tiny marble steps, often to be seen in Pompeiian houses. The frescoes on the walls are very beautiful. Close to the floors runs a wreath of leaves about a quarter of a yard wide, with alternately a lizard and a stork. Above it, about a yard distant, droop, as if from over a wall, large branches of vine or ivy and broad leaves like those of the tiger-lily; all very freely, naturally and gracefully drawn. At each corner of the room a bird clings to one of these branches. Then comes a space—bordered at the top by another row of leaves—in which is represented a whole aquarium, as if the room were linked with tanks. There are different sorts of shells and aquatic plants lying at the bottom of the water, and swimming in or on it all kinds of fish, jelly-fish, sepias, ducks and swans, admirably sketched with a light yet firm touch. The ripples made by the swimming ducks are indicated, and one duck is just flying into the water with a splash. On each side of the niche this amusing aquarium is enlivened by a special incident. To the left a large octopus has caught a monstrous muræna (lamprey)—which turns round to bite—in its tentacles; to the right a fine lobster has pierced another muræna through and through with its long, hard feelers or horns. These creatures are painted in the natural colors very truthfully. On the left wall of the room, above the fishes, are two sphinxes supporting on their heads square marble vases, on the brim of each of which sits a dove. Behind the niche and on the left side of the room runs a little gallery with a corridor underneath, lighted by small square holes in the border of hanging branches. The wall of this gallery behind the niche is decorated with a woodland landscape, in which, on one side, is represented a bull running frantically away, with a lion clinging to its haunches; on the other, a horse lying struggling on its back, attacked by a leopard; all nearly the size of life. On each side of the doorway is painted respectively a graceful doe and a bear. The other rooms are also very beautiful; one with a specially elegant design on a black ground; in another a small fresco representing a man pouring wine out of an amphora into a large vessel. The bath-rooms are large and elegant, the cold bath spacious and of marble. In one room a corner is dedicated to the lares and penates, and in the fresco decoration, among the usual serpents, etc., I noticed the singular figure of a Bacchus or bacchante, entirely clothed with large grapes. In one of the mosaic pavements is a head of Medusa, the colors very bright and well preserved. As some of the rooms are only excavated to within two or three feet from the floor, it is possible that many valuable ornaments or statuettes may yet be found, as everything indicates that this splendid house belonged to some rich citizen.

A Young Sergeant's Exploit.

In seeking to capture the city of Mexico, the American army was obliged to take first the town of Churubusco about six miles from the city. After that the main approach was by a large causeway, with a ditch on each side, and, at one place, a fortified bridge. So the American forces, under General Worth, had to gain the bridge and fight upon the causeway; and, at one point in the battle, the general found himself separated from a part of his troops, whom he wished to rejoin. In the middle of the causeway among other wreck stood a baggage wagon on fire, and as the general and his staff approached the blazing cart they suddenly discovered that it was laden with gunpowder! They drew up with a start and waited results very anxiously. In a moment, however, Sergeant A. M. Kenaday, then of the Third United States dragoons, motioned to three of his comrades, and without a word the four brave men dashed on to the wagon.

Although they could not tell how soon one of the powder boxes might explode, these men determined to clear a passage for their chief. The gunnybag covers of the boxes were smoldering, and some of them were already aflame, but Kenaday and another soldier mounted into the midst of the blazing boxes and fell to work in dead earnest—quickly tossing them one by one to the two other troopers, who as quickly rolled them into the wet and muddy ditch. Each wooden case, moreover, weighed about seventy pounds, so that to empty the cart was no light labor.

Within a few minutes the cover of the wagon had burned entirely off, and the gallant four, almost exhausted with heat and exertion, were soon after stopped by General Worth, who rode up to the wagon and ordered them out. This command was instantly obeyed, and then the general and his staff spurred their horses and made a rush past the wagon at full gallop, while the sergeant and his comrades followed at a pace that soon put them out of danger.

But they had not yet caught up with the general's party when they heard a loud report behind, and looking back saw no trace of the wagon, even when the smoke had cleared. It had been blown to atoms by the few cases of powder which they had left in it.

And this was not the only act of bravery performed that day by the young sergeant, for later in the same afternoon he joined in the famous charge, led by General (then captain) Philip Kearny, on the San Antonio gate of the city of Mexico. In this reckless onslaught twenty resolute dragoons cut their way into the city through 6,000 of the enemy's panic-stricken soldiers. General Scott, the American commander in chief, said it was the bravest charge he had ever seen or read of, and a full account of it may be found in almost every history of the Mexican war.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Little Shavers.

A bright little five-year-old miss was taken to the barn to see some sheep, and after looking at them for a moment she exclaimed: "Oh, auntie, see, the sheep all wear their hair banged."

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired, naively: "Are your eyes new ones?"

Young Boston quickly learns to feel the weight of years. Said five-year-old Bert to his mother, the other night, after saying his prayers, and getting ready for bed: "Well, mamma, I'd like to die now. I've seen all there is here."

Little Annette, who has been sick and is not yet allowed to eat all she wants, turned from her thin toast and weak tea the other day, with an air of disgust, and said to her brother: "I'm going to take a nap; perhaps I shall dream that I am eating my dinner."

A little fellow, turning over the leaves of a scrap-book, came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. He examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look, slowly remarked: "They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled."

A little boy in a Sunday-school put a poser to his teacher. The lady was telling her class how God punished the Egyptians by causing the first born of each household to be slain. The little boy listened attentively. At the proper interval he mildly inquired: "What would God have done if there had been twins?"

Bad eggs always float on top. You notice this in social circles.—*Bloomington Eye.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

The king of dentists, as he calls himself, is a Philadelphia curiosity. He wears a jeweled crown and gorgeous robes, rides in a resplendent chariot, and extracts teeth without charge. While a glib-tongued attendant sounds his praises, the king takes out teeth for all who apply, sometimes pushing them out with the point of his sword. Then he sells an ache-destroyer at fifty cents a bottle.

The preliminary workings for the tunnel under the English channel, uniting England and France, have had the most satisfactory results. The promoters have sunk their shaft to the stratum in which they propose to bore the tunnel, and are now going to sink another shaft, and lower all the machinery for the bore. In eighteen months they expect to have reached two kilometers (about two and a quarter miles) under the channel, and in three or four years to have completed the task.

Idaho Territory holds court at Boise, where is located all the government offices, and is the home of the United States marshal. He goes to Lewiston, 400 miles distant, twice a year to attend district court, and also twice a year to Malad for the same purpose, traveling a distance of 525 miles to reach there. To simply attend the courts in the three districts requires him to travel 3,700 miles. But to do all his official work last year caused Mr. Chase to travel by stages 9,000 miles.

The slang phrase "queer fish" has been realized in piscatorial form in California. At Monterey some fishermen cought it in a seine. It was about nine inches long. The first half of the fish was a mountain brook trout, having the eye, head, scales, spots and shape of the fish. It had a pair of fins at the usual place behind the gills; an inch or two back of this it suddenly changed into a silver eel, the shape, color and absence of scales being perfect. It will probably find a resting place on the shelves of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences.

A German paper relates that at Biberich, recently, quite a crowd gathered to witness the novel spectacle of a drunken driver being taken home by his horse. The man was so intoxicated that he could scarcely stand, but the faithful animal pushed him onward with its head. Now and then the driver attempted to turn into side streets, but the horse seized him by the coat with its teeth, and thus piloted him to the stable. The horse had a great deal of trouble with its master, but finally got him home safe It is said that this valuable animal has acted the good Samaritan for his master repeatedly before.

An excellent instance of the way in which the children in the average public school learn without learning is related by *Barnes' Educational Monthly.* A teacher in one of our public schools has been accustomed to require her pupils to say: "The equator is an imaginary line passing around the earth," etc. It never occurred to her that the boys and girls of her school had no idea what an imaginary line meant, until one day a visitor asked them how wide they thought the equator is. Some thought it was 5,000 miles wide, others 2,000 and others thought they could jump over it. The visitor then asked how they thought ships got over it. One pupil said he thought they got out and drew them over, and another said he had read that a canal had been dug through it! "What is the name of this canal?" was asked. "The Suez canal!" was the answer.

On the road from Albuquerque to Silver City (New Mexico) is Cook's canon, in which the Apache Indians of Victoria's band have been in the habit of waylaying and slaughtering white people attempting the passage. A private letter of recent date from Silver City says that 240 white settlers, miners and mail carriers have been butchered and scalped in the canon by the Apaches. A fortnight before the letter was written the Indians killed a party of eighteen persons and burned their wagons. They also slew the driver and three passengers on the mail coach and destroyed the vehicle. A detachment of soldiers surprised five Apaches in the canon a couple of days after that occurrence, killed and, it is said, scalped them. Among the Indians killed on that occasion was the fifteen-year-old son of the renowned chief Victoria. The lad fought desperately as long as he could [illegible] and to strike. The people of Silver City are greatly exercised about the Apaches, who have made mining in that vicinity extremely hazardous.

Birthplaces of the Presidents.

Seven of the nineteen Presidents were born in Virginia. They were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler and Taylor. Of these Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Tyler were graduates of college. Monroe was a descendant of the old Virginia cavaliers, and was almost anything and everything, from a colonel in the Revolution to a justice of the peace, including such offices as governor of Virginia, minister to France and Spain and England, secretary of state and president. Tyler and Jefferson were also both governors of Virginia. Zachary Taylor had only the education which he picked up on his father's plantation, where he served until he was twenty-four, and from there he was sent out on the military career which paved his way to the greatest honor in the power of the nation to bestow. It was said of him that he was so ignorant of, and cared so little for, political affairs that he had not voted for forty years when he became President; and like General Grant, he began life as a farmer, distinguished himself as a general, and was never identified with any office or affair of government until he became chief magistrate. Of the eleven remaining Presidents, Jackson, Johnson and Polk were born in North Carolina, the two Adamses in Massachusetts, Filmore and Van Buren in New York, Grant and Hayes in Ohio, Lincoln in Kentucky, Pierce in New Hampshire and Buchanan in Pennsylvania. Polk and Johnson were both governors of Tennessee. The former began his career with a scanty education, as a clerk in a country store, but eventually graduated at the University of North Carolina, and the latter, following the trade of a tailor, married early and went to school to his clever wife. Franklin Pierce learned the fuller trade and never saw a grammar or geography until he was nineteen years of age, and Jackson, whose parents were scantily paid linen weavers of Scotch-Irish descent, was much distracted in his youth between his predilections for firearms and his love for cockfighting and horseracing.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Man's Age.

Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accidents. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for, even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young; weak men live longer than the strong; for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run; the weak to burn out. The inferior animals which live temperate lives have generally their prescribed number of years. The horse lives twenty-five, the ox fifteen or twenty, the lion about twenty, the dog ten or twelve, the rabbit eight, the guinea pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of the animals, is one that seldom lives this average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to physical law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but, instead of that, he scarcely reaches on an average four times his growing period; the cat six times; the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard worked of all the animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.—*Albany Journal.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Mexican Women.

A correspondent in New Mexico writes that the Mexican women are, as a rule, tidy housekeepers. Their domain is not an extensive one, but as far as it goes they act efficiently. Their earthern floors are well swept, fair whitewash coats the walls, the man of the house has a clean shirt with decent frequency, and the crawling baby, probably as naked as at its birth, has its skin scrubbed to the shining point. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that the skin-scrubbing practice is not applied by the adult Mexicans to themselves, and that their personal habits are in many respects very uncleanly. When away from home the men are very dirty. The women seem to monopolize whatever sense of neatness the race is endowed with. The furnishiment of the Mexican house is not a complicated affair. For culinary use there are a "skillet and lid," a frying pan, and a coffee pot. Tables are not frequent in the ordinary run of houses. Neither are chairs. When the meal is repaired those who are to eat squat down on the floor around a small collection of cups and plates, and help themselves from the central vessel without ceremony. Forks are very seldom to be seen. A piece of tortilla answers the purpose when there is food that cannot conveniently be placed in the mouth by the fingers only. Bedsteads are not in general use. The Mexican women make very good pallets of wool, and these are laid at night on the floor, or in warm weather out of doors, in the courtyard, garden, or in the street itself. Nearly every house is well supplied with coarse but comfortable homemade blankets, and usually there is some provision of linen. Of a morning the bedding is rolled up and stowed away in the corners of the room or rooms. There is one piece of furniture which rarely is missing, and that is the chest or trunk containing the women's finery. The female Mexican has a passion for accumulating dresses, generally calicoes, which are stored away in the chest and may remain there, hidden from the sight of man, forever. I suspect that when only women are present, these brilliant and costly treasures are exhibited and discussed with critical admiration. Americans who have Mexican wives tell me that the number of calico dresses that can be packed by them in an ordinary chest is somewhat amazing, and renders contemptible the feats of the magician who produces a whole millinary shop from his hat. Juanita's actual wear is apt to be confined to a very simple matter. The hot summer climate induces a free-and-easy attire of chemise and shirt, and in winter the women are generally seen with shawls covering them from the waist up. When Juanita's man earns enough to pay for a new dress now and then, she asks for no more; but when the household can boast the ownership of a little flock of goats, her happiness, as well as that of the rest of the family, is utter and complete. The goat is the familiar pet, the dear little darling of the Mexican home. It furnishes the milk and the abominable india rubber cheese which is dear to the Mexican palate. Your Mexican will call his goat by all the abusive names of which his tongue is master, but in his heart of hearts he cherishes the animal as the ne plus ultra of brute creation, and an injury inflicted on the goat is a mortal affront to the man.

Fashion Notes.

Leghorn hats are in high favor.

Round pelerines are revived.

Lisle thread gloves are more worn than ever.

Mauve and red are a fashionable combination.

Surtout effects are given even to muslin toilets.

White is more popular than ever for little people.

Gold lace and gold cord hold their place in favor.

Handkerchief costumes are worn in the country.

A novel combination is of wall flower yellow, brown and flame color.

One strap over the instep on slipper. is more fashionable than two or more

A terrific torrent of new fashions threatens to overwhelm taste and tact in dress.

Archery and angling are the fashion able outdoor amusements for ladies this summer.

Brown linen suits, made with decidedly short skirts, are shown as angling costumes this season.

Dressy parasols are most elaborately adorned with beads, lace embroidery, and artificial flowers.

Soft sashed belts with tasseled ends, and carelessly tied either in front, at the side, or in the back, are popular.

Dark blue flannel remains the popular material for seaside suits for children, young girls, and older women.

Oil silk bathing caps are made with brims of the silk this season, the brims being stiffened with a wire on the outer edge.

Slender trains are worn on black-dresses this summer. The waists are rather short, and the long black gloves are scented.

White underskirts are made very short, gored and trimmed round the bottom with three rows of fluting, edged with embroidery or lace.

Princess sack dresses for little people are made with loose fronts covered with tucks and insertion, while the backs are half fitted to the figure, and finished with a Spanish flounce also trimmed on the edge.

Dress Mad.

Behold her at eleven.

Her limbs unfettered by long skirts of conventonality, she runs, she romps, she slides on the ice ponds, she rolls hoop, she climbes fences, she leaps, she kicks, she runs races and is as fresh and fleet of foot as the boys. Her appetite is good, her cheeks rosy, and her movements unconsciously graceful.

Behold her again at twenty.

No more does she run or jump or roll hoop, run races or slide on the ice. It is not proper now nor lady-like, and she couldn't if she would, for she is fettered by long skirts, tight shoes and tighter stays. Her movement has no longer the freedom and unconscious grace of childhood, for now when she walks abroad she walks to be looked at, which now in her estimation is the main object of walking. She is already in delicate health, and has a doctor who prescribes expensive advice and prescriptions for her, and ascribes her complaint to anything and everything but the real cause. This is simply the fettering of her body with fashionable clothes. Physically she is now a prisoner. At eleven she was free. The doctor advises travel, but he does not advise her to take off her fashionable fetters. She wouldn't do so if he did, and he wouldn't advise her if he knew it would bring relief, for she would no longer believe in a doctor who would make her dress like a guy, and being dressed like a "guy" is dressing different from the style prescribed by a Paris modiste. Diana never could hunt in a traveling skirt, narrow, tight, high heeled gaiters, and a pinched, corseted waist, but Diana with belted tunic and unfettered limbs would be bounced off Broadway by the nearest policeman. Dressed for health and freedom of limb is one thing, and dressing for fashion quite another. A man couldn't endure the pinching and encumbrances peculiar to feminine attire for an hour, and a pretty spectacle he'd make rushing about in such during business hours. Yet the "weaker sex" wear double the incumbrances of the so called stronger. To dress at all after the style uses up half of a woman's time and two-thirds of her strength.—*New York Graphic.*

Words of Wisdom.

Anger, like rain, breaks upon whatever it falls.

Draw not thy bow before the arrow be fixed.

Never expose your disappointments to the world.

If you would make a thief honest, trust him.

The simple flowers are sociable and benevolent.

Fortune can only take from us what she gave.

Words sometimes wound more than swords.

A good book supplies the place of a companion.

He who stops to pick a flaw in other's knitting work, drops many stitches in towns.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

Dr. H. S. Tanner, of Minneapolis, Minn., is trying, in New York city, to go forty days without food. Several doctors have charge of the trial and will watch the faster day and night.

The army worm has made its appearance in myriads in the vicinity of Kingston, N. Y., and in Pike county, Pa., and is destroying every green thing that comes in its path.

The other day there were nine steam vessels which have recently been either burned or temporarily disabled lying in the port of New York.

General W. S. Hancock, Senator Wallace, of Pennsylvania, and Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, met at the house of Samuel J. Tilden, in New York, a few days ago. The result of the conference is not stated.

The arrivals of emigrants at Castle Garden, New York, during the month of June aggregated 42,026 persons.

The fifth annual eight-oared, four-mile boat race between crews representing Yale and Harvard colleges was won this year at New London, Conn., by the former after a hot contest. The four miles were made by the winning crew in twenty-four minutes and twenty-seven seconds. During the race D. Waldo Lincoln, of Worcester, Mass., president of the Boston and Albany railroad, and Mrs. Dr. William Appleton, a young lady of Boston only recently married, were thrown from a platform car by the sudden starting of the train known as the moving grand stand and almost instantly killed.

A public ice-water fountain has been opened in New York by a society for the encouragement of moderation in drinking.

The bodies of about thirty-five victims of the Seawanhaka disaster have been recovered, and there are still a number missing.

At a meeting of the Republican national committee in New York Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, was chosen chairman as successor to Senator Don Cameron, and ex-Senator Dorsey was appointed secretary. The following executive committee was chosen: Horace Davis, of California; James B. Deveraux (colored), of Georgia; John A. Logan of Illinois; John C. New, of Indiana; John R. Runnells, of Iowa; John A. Martin, of Kansas; H. C. Warmoth, of Louisiana; John M. Forbes, of Massachusetts; Chauncey I. Filley, of Missouri; Wm. E. Chandler, of New Hampshire; George A. Halsey, of New Jersey; Thomas C. Platt, of New York; W. P. Canaday, of North Carolina; Wm. C. Cooper, of Ohio; J. Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania; George W. Hooker, of Vermont; John W. Mason of West Virginia; Elihu Enos, of Wisconsin; R. C. McCormick, of Arizona; Stephen B. Elkins, of New Mexico.

John O'Conor, a Jersey City (N. J) carpenter, heard one of his five children crying in the middle of the night, and thinking the child was thirsty the father arose to give it a drink of water. To his horror Mr. O'Conor then discovered the dead bodies of three of his children—boys aged two, six and eight years respectively. Their throats had been cut by their mother, who had been in ill-health for some time and was evidently insane.

Western and Southern States.

Adam Kelly walked up to Thomas Holliday, at Paris, Ky., drew out a knife and said: "I'd like to cut your throat." Holliday did not wait to let Kelly gratify his desire, but shot him dead.

At the Prohibitionist national convention, held in Cleveland, Ohio, 142 delegates were present, representing twelve States. The Rev. Dr. Miner, of Boston, presided. Judge Black made a speech. For President, Neil Dow, of Maine, was nominated by acclamation, and for Vice-President A. M. Thompson, of Westerville, O.

The American Institute of Homeopathy has been in session at Milwaukee, Wis., representatives from all parts of the country being in attendance.

United States Senator Vance, of North Carolina, and Mrs. Florence S. Martin were married the other day at the residence of the bride's mother in Oldham county, Ky. Senator Vance was a widower.

The Arkansas Greenback State convention has nominated a State ticket with William P. Parks for governor.

The Indiana Republicans have nominated Albert G. Porter, first comptroller of the United States treasury, for governor.

Judge J. B. Howell, an ex-United States Senator (he was elected in 1870) of Iowa, died at Keokuk in that State a few days ago, aged sixty-four years.

A levee on the Mississippi, between Hannibal and Quincy, Ill., gave way, and a vast area of rich farming land was inundated by the rushing waters. An idea of the damage may be gained from the fact that an extent of country forty miles long and from four to ten miles wide was protected by the embankment. People were compelled to flee for their lives, and in one case an entire family, consisting of a Mr. Freemer, his wife and children, were drowned. The loss to farmers and others will aggregate several hundred thousand dollars.

At about twelve o'clock at night a meteor, as large as a barrel, started from the zenith, plunged down the northeastern sky and exploded near Macon, Ga., with a report that reverberated for thirty seconds, and shook the earth. The meteor was about five seconds in falling, during which time Macon was lighted up as by a powerful electric light.

While the pleasure steamer Lake Minnetonka was lying at a wharf at Minneapolis, Minn., her boiler exploded with terrific effect. The steamer was totally wrecked and four men were killed and eight more badly injured.

The Kentucky court of appeals, in the case of James Johnson (colored), indicted for carrying concealed weapons, on a motion to set the indictment aside on the ground that the grand jury was composed exclusively of white persons, has decided that so much of the statutes as excludes all persons other than white men from service on juries is unconstitutional, and that no person can be lawfully excluded from any jury on account of his race or color.

A negro named Scott Bell was hanged at Starkville, Miss., for the murder of another colored man; and on the same day at Huntsville, Texas, A. E. Carter was hanged for the murder of a man named Spaulding in July of last year.

From Washington.

There has been an enormous increase in pension applications at the pension office. The other day 8,065 applications were filed. This sudden increase in the number of applications is due to the fact that applicants whose papers are filed after the thirtieth of June will not be entitled to arrears of pensions.

The closing of the account of disbursements of the navy department for the fiscal year ending June 30, shows that the expenditures for that period have been $426,678.34 less than for the previous year, and that there was on hand June 30, 1880, an unexpended balance of $2,461,188.23 of the amount available for the year, exclusive of balances in the hands of the pay officers of the navy.

The positive denial of the Spanish government that there was a vessel in its service by the name of Nuncio, which was charged with firing on the American schooner Ethel Merritt, and the probability that the same vessel fired on the Boston schooner Eunice P. Newcombe, has caused the state department to give the subject more serious consideration, and it will take immediate steps to ascertain whether the Nuncia was a privateer or really belonged to the Spanish navy.

The national board of health announces that at present there is not a single case of yellow fever in the country.

At the various United States mints last month there were coined 516,788 gold pieces worth $4,379,840; 2,013,000 silver pieces (including 2,011,500 silver dollars) worth $2,011,500, and 2,348,700 minor pieces worth $23,541.

Last month the public debt was decreased $10,214,424.51. During the year ending June 30, 1880, the public debt was decreased $85,034,961.03. On the first instant the total debt less cash in the treasury, was $1,942,172,295.34. On the same day the cash in the treasury was $201,088,622.88.

A remarkable dinner service, consisting of 500 pieces, and which cost the manufacturers $20,000 to make, has just been delivered at the White House. Each of these 500 pieces is a work of art representing in great variety the different flora and fauna and the natural scenery of America. The service is intended for use on state occasions only.

Foreign News.

America has again proven victorious in an international rifle match, our team of six men defeating the best team that could be mustered in all Ireland at the Dollymount range, Dublin. At 800 yards the two teams tied; at 900 yards the Americans gained eight points, and at 1,000 yards they increased their lead four more points, making a total of 1,292 to 1,280 for the Irish team. This score is the largest ever made in a match and shows some wonderful shooting. Each man had fifteen shots at each range, and the highest possible score was seventy-five, or 225 at all three ranges. The following are the individual total scores at the three ranges:

Amer.	800 *yrds.*	900 *yrds.*	1,000 *yrds.*	*Tot.*
Clarke	73	75	71	219
Scott	75	69	74	218
Fisher	71	73	69	213
Rathbone	70	75	70	215
Farrow	74	71	69	214
Brown	73	73	67	213
Grand totals	436	436	420	1,292

Irish.	800 *yrds.*	900 *yrds.*	1,000 *yrds.*	*Tot.*
John Rigby	69	72	68	209
Wm. Rigby	71	71	68	210
Milner	75	70	67	212
Fenton	75	70	72	217
Joynt	73	71	72	216
Young	73	74	69	216
Grand totals	436	428	416	1,280

The enforcement of the French decrees expelling the Jesuits has begun.

Fourteen Kentucky horses were sold a short time since in London at an average price of $305.

The daughter of a farmer living near London, Ont., while leaving church with her husband after being married was thrown from a buggy and killed.

At Montreal the steamer Bohemian ran into the gates of a canal lock, smashing them and letting out an immense body of confined water, which swept the steamer back through the other locks to the entrance basin. Fortunately no lives were lost. All the barges in the upper basin were either sunk or driven ashore by the rushing waters, while in the lower basin, which was drained of water, all the vessels were left on the bottom. The total damage done is estimated at $1,500,000.

The famine fever in Ireland is announced to be on the increase.

The British house of commons has settled the case of Mr. Bradlaugh, who was refused his seat because he would not take the prescribed oath, by adopting Mr. Gladstone's resolution allowing such members as choose to affirm instead of taking the oath.

In shooting for the Aberdeen cup, at the Dollymount range, the highest two scores were made by Americans—Jackson and Scott—who took first and second money prizes; but as the winning of the cup was confined to Irishmen qualified to represent Ireland in the match for the Elcho shield at Wimbledon, the cup was taken by Young.

Care of the Eyes.

1. Rest the eyes for a few minutes when the sight becomes in the least painful, blurred or indistinct.

2. Have sufficient light; never sit facing it; let it come from behind or from one side. The writer considers too much light almost as bad as too little. He strongly recommends a moderate light, so that surrounding objects may not be too much illuminated, and the wearing of a black shade, so large that front and side light may not enter the eyes. With this protection the light may be safely in front—if reading, it is better that it be to one side.

3. Never read in horse or steam cars.

4. Never read when lying down.

5. Do not read much during convalescence from illness.

6. The general health should be maintained by a good diet, air, exercise, amusement and a proper restriction of the hours of hard work.

7. Take plenty of sleep. Retire early and avoid the painful evening lights. Ten hours sleep for delicate eyes is better than eight.—*Christian at Work.*

Perseverance With the Drowned.

In a recent communication to the French academy, Professor Fort asserts that he was enabled to restore to life a child three years old, by practicing artificial respiration on it four hours, commencing three hours and a half after apparent death. He mentions also a case in which Dr. Fournol, of Billancourt, reanimated, in July, 1878, an apparently drowned person by four hours of artificial respiration begun one hour after the patient was taken from the water. At this season, when cases of drowning are apt to be frequent, the possible benefit that may come from a persevering effort to revive victims of drowning, should encourage friends not to despair of their resuscitation, even after several hours of seemingly fruitless labor.

What an Editorial Room Looks Like.

He opened the door cautiously and poking his head in a suggestive sort of way as if there was more to follow, inquired: "Is this the editorial rinktum?"

"The what? my friend."

"Is this the rinktum—sinktum—sanctum or some such place where the editors live."

"This is the editorial room, yes, sir. Come in."

"No, I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good day."—*New Haven Register.*

"I saw you hanging out the clothes to-day, Melinda," said Adolphus to the idol of his heart, as they sat billing and cooing on the parlor sofa. "Oh, no, Dolphy, you are mistaken; it couldn't have been me, for I haven't washed for a week!" And the alacrity with which "Dolphy" dropped that "beautiful white hand" that he had been so fondly caressing can be better imagined than described.—*Statesman.*

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Some women can see through their own blinds what is going on in the parlor of a private family in the other end of town.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

When it is fully recognized that one of the first and highest rights of the baby is to have a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup there will be more rest for the household and comfort for the little one.

The society lady never sheds tears. She knows enough to keep her powder dry.—*Boston Transcript*

Excruciating Pain.

Edwin Freeman, of Norton, Mass., says: "I have suffered the most excruciating pain in my kidneys for years, and physicians or medicine could not relieve me until about three years since I commenced taking Hunt's Remedy. I purchased a bottle at Blanding's drug store in Providence, and I took the first dose there, and after using one bottle I was free from all pain, and although this was three years ago, I have seen no trace of disease and have not had to take any medicine since. I believe Hunt's Remedy to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine ever known, and I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from this terrible disease." Trial size, 75 cents.

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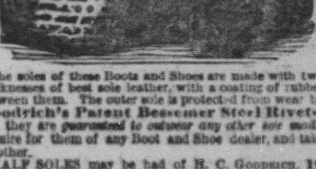

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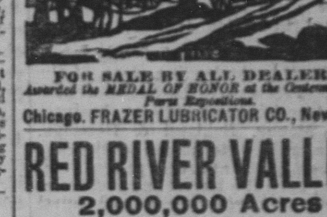
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